JUDGE DREDD
VOLUME 1

CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD®

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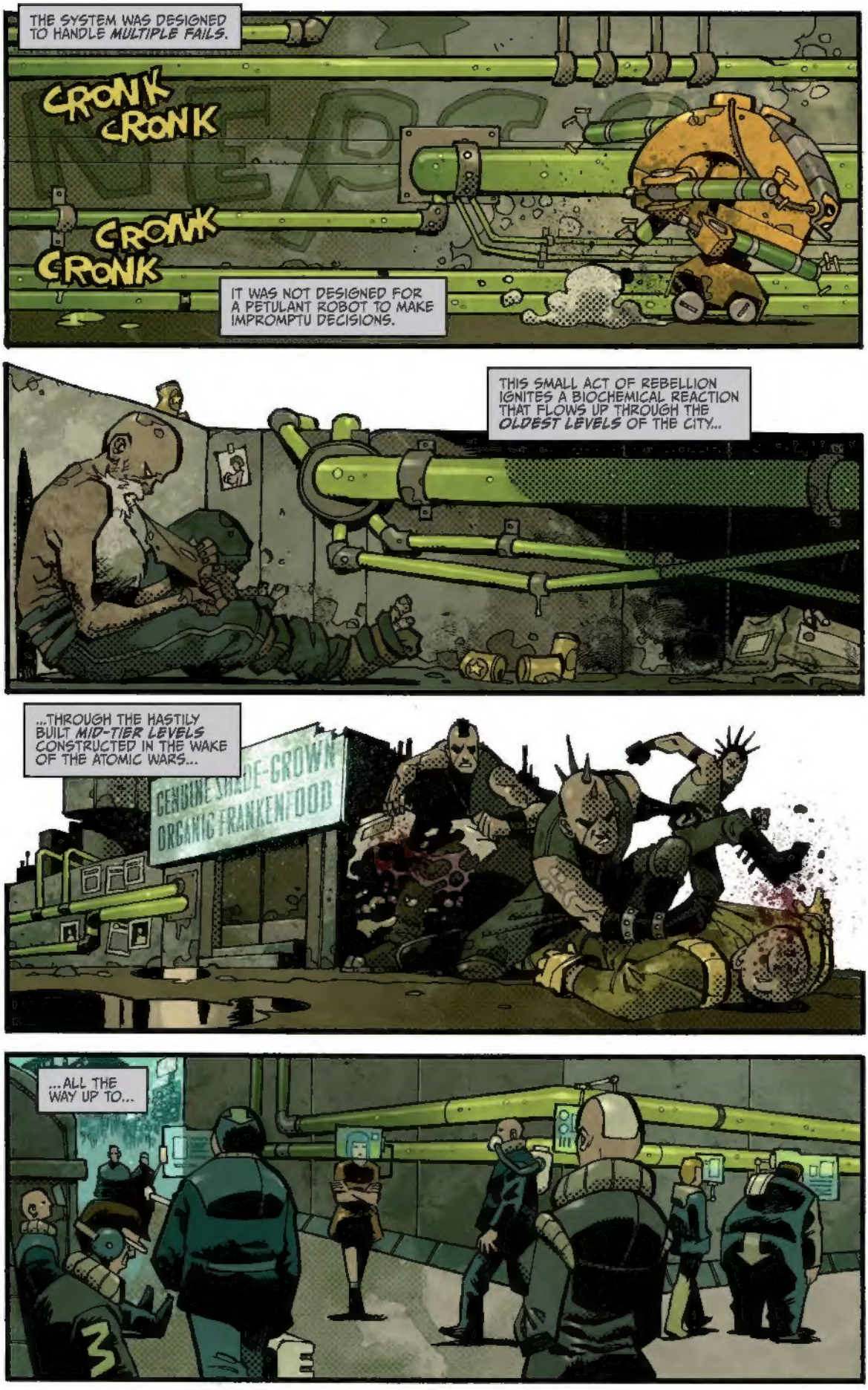
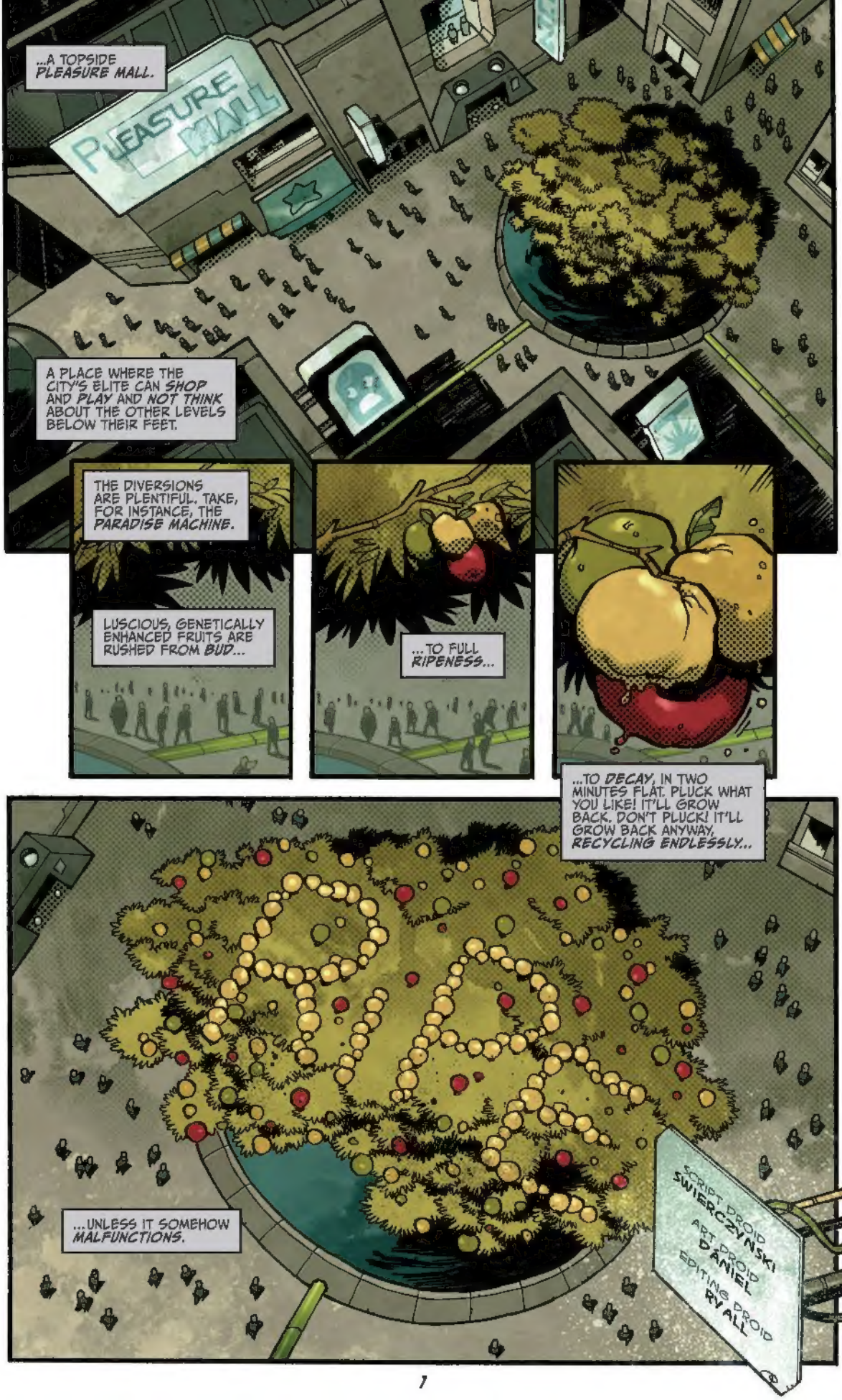
ART BY **NICK RUNGE**

THE YEAR 2100.
DUANE Gelatos
EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE CALL THIS HOME.
ALL OF THEM JAMMED INTO AN AREA CLINGING TO THE EAST COAST OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT, WALLED OFF FROM THE RADIOACTIVE WASTELANDS OF THE CURSED EARTH.
THIS IS
MEGA-CITY ONE
nelson
TO SATISFY THE BASIC NEEDS OF NEARLY A BILLION HUMAN BEINGS, THE CITY CREATED *HIGHLY ADVANCED ROBOT SYSTEMS* THAT HAVE BEEN DESIGNED TO NEVER FAIL.
CHRIS
AND THEY ALMOST NEVER DO.
NO.
I **DO NOT FEEL LIKE** REGULATING WASTE RUNOFF RIGHT NOW.


THE SYSTEM WAS DESIGNED TO HANDLE *MULTIPLE FAILS.*
CRONK
CRONK
CRONK
CRONK
IT WAS NOT DESIGNED FOR A PETULANT ROBOT TO MAKE IMPROMPTU DECISIONS.
THIS SMALL ACT OF REBELLION IGNITES A BIOCHEMICAL REACTION THAT FLOWS UP THROUGH THE *OLDEST LEVELS* OF THE CITY...
...THROUGH THE HASTILY BUILT *MID-TIER LEVELS* CONSTRUCTED IN THE WAKE OF THE ATOMIC WARS...
ORGANIC FRANKENFOOD
...ALL THE WAY UP TO...


...A TOPSIDE PLEASURE MALL.
PLEASURE MALL
A PLACE WHERE THE CITY'S ELITE CAN SHOP AND PLAY AND NOT THINK ABOUT THE OTHER LEVELS BELOW THEIR FEET.
THE DIVERSIONS ARE PLENTIFUL. TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, THE PARADISE MACHINE.
LUSCIOUS, GENETICALLY ENHANCED FRUITS ARE RUSHED FROM BUD...
...TO FULL RIPENESS...
...TO DECAY, IN TWO MINUTES FLAT. PLUCK WHAT YOU LIKE! IT'LL GROW BACK. DON'T PLUCK! IT'LL GROW BACK ANYWAY. RECYCLING ENDLESSLY...
...UNLESS IT SOMEHOW MALFUNCTIONS.
SCRIPT DROID SWIERCZYNSKI
ART DROID DANIEL
EDITING DROID RYALL

KRESSH
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
KRESSH
...PEEL... YOU...
SQUIP
SQUIP
SQUIP
SQUIP
AAIIIIIIEEEEEEE
WITHIN SECONDS, THE SHELLSHOCKED CITIZENS RECOVER.
THEY GAWK AT THE SMASHED PULP OF THE FRUIT.
THEY STARE AT THE BROKEN WINDOWS.
SOME OF THEM FIXATE ON THE BROKEN WINDOWS A LITTLE TOO MUCH...

...IN MEGA-CITY ONE, EVERYONE IS A POTENTIAL CRIMINAL.
CRIME
TATUM
SOMETIMES ALL IT TAKES IS A TINY NUDGE.
WHY AREN'T YOU DOING ANYTHING!?
MY PROGRAMMING WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO ACT AGAINST A CUSTOMER OF THIS STORE.
THEY'RE NOT CUSTOMERS NOW! THEY'RE CLEANING ME OUT!
SHHHHUK
OH, GRUD.
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE, AMIGO.

WE'RE GONNA NEED YOUR EYES.
YOUR FINGERTIPS AND EARS, TOO.
I HOPE FOR YOUR SAKE THE VAULT ISN'T BIOMETRICALLY TUNED TO YOUR GENITALS.
PLEASE DON'T DO THAT.
STOP ME.
SIGH
I AM NOT ALLOWED TO ACT AGAINST A CUSTOMER OF THIS STORE.
FIVE MINUTES IN, I'M ALREADY A RICH MAN!
I THINK, THOUGH, I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE TIPS.
FORTUNATELY, THERE IS ANOTHER SYSTEM VITAL TO THE SURVIVAL OF THE CITY.
WHEN LAW BREAKS DOWN, THEY APPEAR TO RESTORE IT.
THEY ARE...

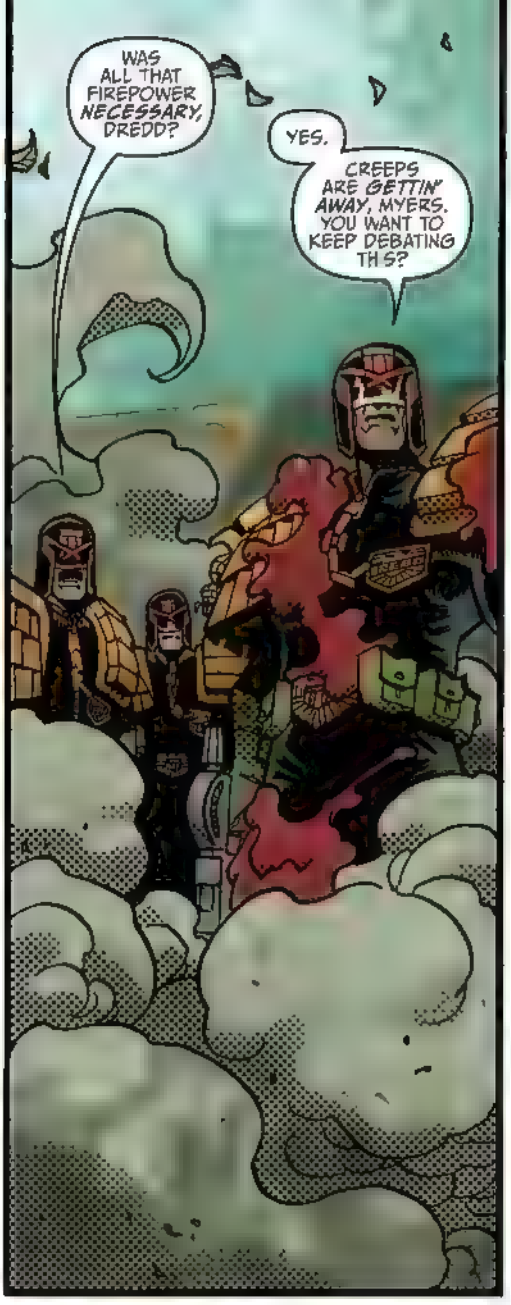
THE JUDGES.
CITIZENS!
DROP THE LOOT AND PREPARE FOR SENTENCING!
THE JUDGES DELIVER SWIFT JUSTICE IN A CITY THAT CAN DEVOLVE INTO ANARCHY AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT.
OKAY! I GIVE UP! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING, I JUST...
YEAH, WELL, I'M THINKING GRAND LARCENY, LOOTING. FIVE YEARS.
NO LAWYERS. NO APPEALS. NO PLEA BARGAINS.
WHOA—WAIT—F-FIVE YEARS? I THOUGHT MAYBE WE COULD ARRIVE AT A FINANCIAL UNDERSTANDING CONCERNING THIS MATTER?
AFTER ALL, I WAS FULLY INTENDING TO PAY FOR THESE...
AN' NOW YOU'RE ATTEMPTING TO BRIBE A JUDGE?
FIFTEEN YEARS.
BUT I THOUGHT—
YOU WANT TO KEEP GOING?
AND OF ALL JUDGES, JOSEPH DREDD WAS SAID TO BE THE TOUGHEST OF THEM ALL.

GRUD ON A GREENIE, LOOK AT THIS MESS!
ANY IDEA WHAT HAPPENED JP HERE, DREDD?
NOT YET.
THAT'S DREDD OUT THERE! WE'RE DEAD!
IN ABOUT THREE SECONDS, IT WON'T MATTER WHO'S OUT THERE. IT'S ON A TIMED CYCLE, REMEMBER?
POP
OH, DROKK.

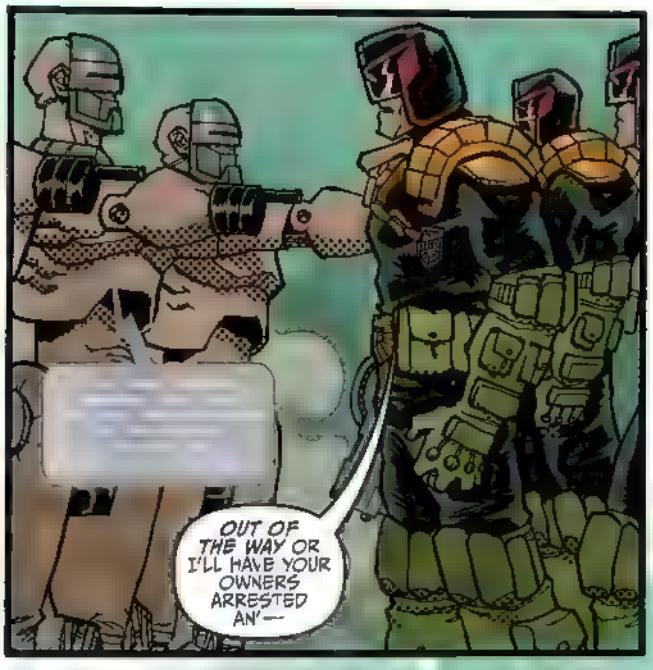
INCENDIARY!
GLOP

ENJOY YOUR LUNCH, JUDGES!
FREEZE, CREEPS! YOU'RE ONLY MAKING IT WORSE FOR YOURSELVES.
THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, DREDD.
GUH
THAT'S IT.
HI-EX.
DREDD, NO! ARE YOU CRAZY?!
ALL JUDGES CARRY A LAWGIVER. SIX MODES, OF WHICH HI-EXPLOSIVE MODE ..

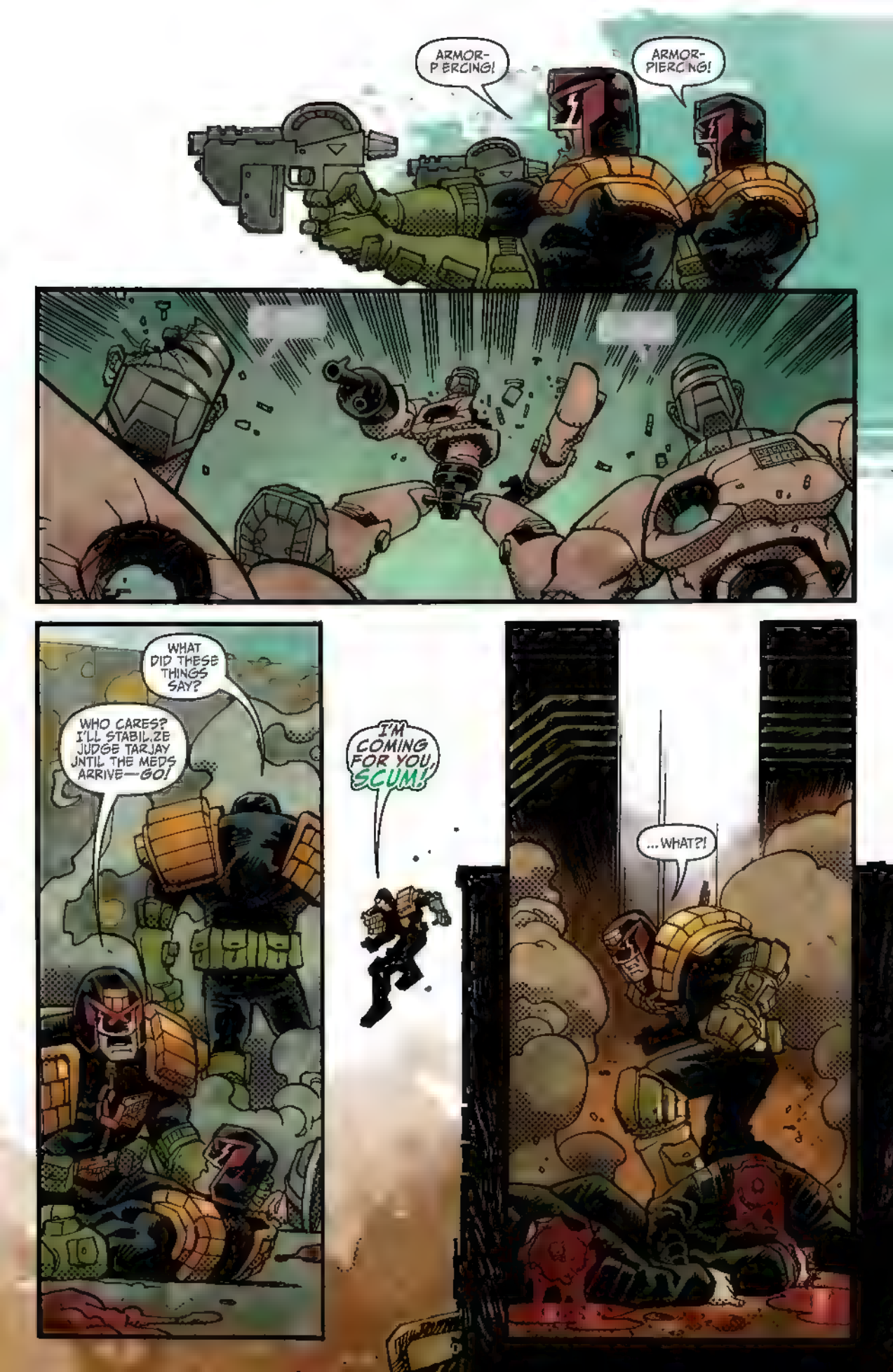
...IS INDEED THE CRAZIEST.
BBOOM


WAS ALL THAT FIREPOWER NECESSARY, DREDD?
YES.
CREEPS ARE GETTIN' AWAY, MYERS. YOU WANT TO KEEP DEBATING THIS?

CONTROL.
I SAID... CONTROL, COME IN!
FORGET IT. THE FRUIT HAS ALL OF OUR GEAR JAMMED. WE'LL TAKE THEM ON FOOT.

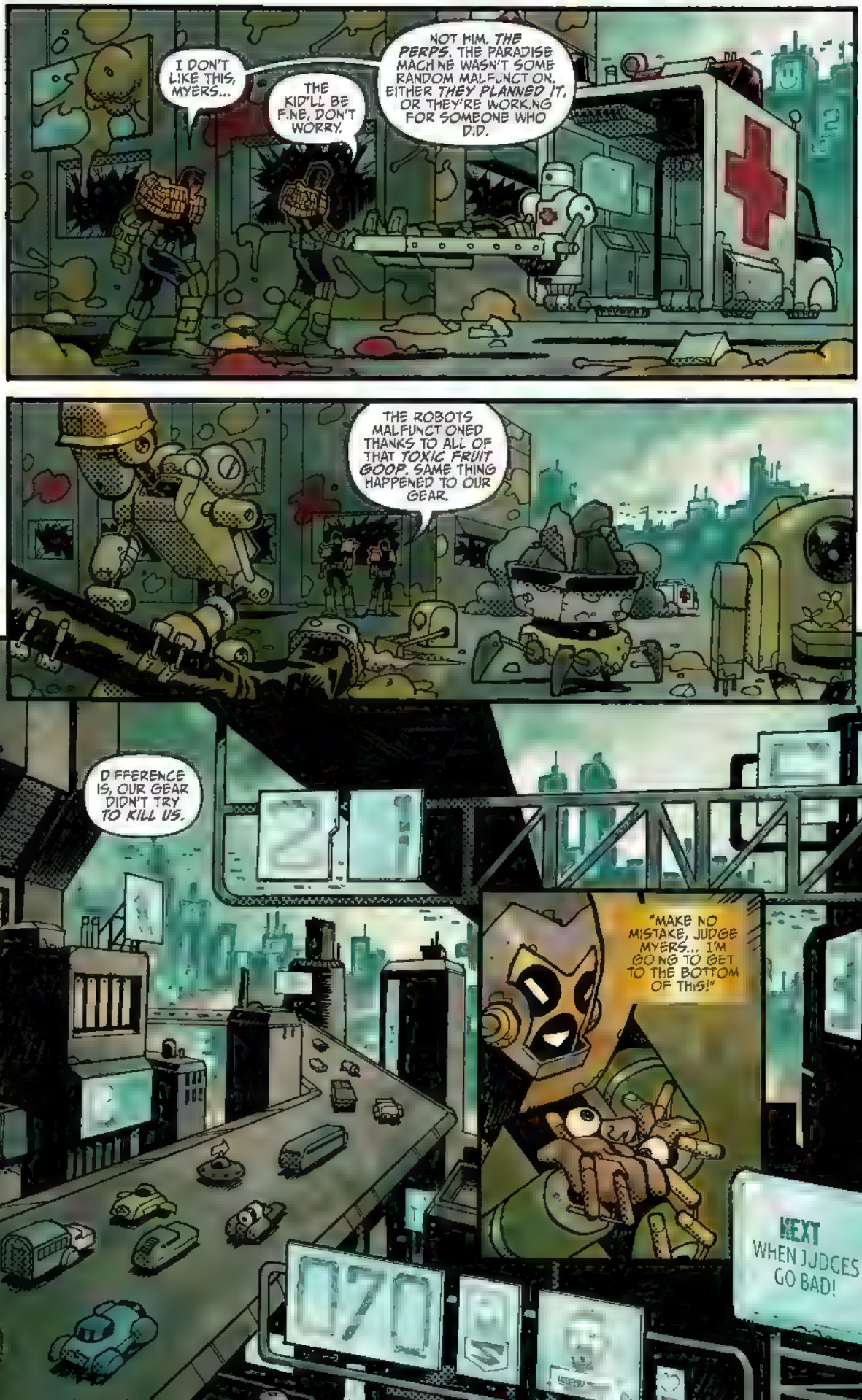

OUT OF THE WAY OR I'LL HAVE YOUR OWNERS ARRESTED AN'—

STOMM!
ZZZZZZZZT


ARMOR-PIERCING!
ARMOR-PIERCING!
WHAT DID THESE THINGS SAY?
WHO CARES? I'LL STABILIZE JUDGE TARJAY UNTIL THE MEDS ARRIVE—GO!
I'M COMING FOR YOU, SCUM!
...WHAT?!

OH, DREDD, THANK GOD—
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, CREEP. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
THOSE THINGS ARE CRAZY... IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN THIS WAY...
YOUR ACCOMPLICES TRIPPED AND FELL, IS THAT IT? LOOKS LIKE YOU KILLED THEM TO KEEP THE ENTIRE HAUL.
NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOU'VE GOTTA GET ME OUTTA HERE, I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
EXPLAIN IT NOW.
THE BOTS AMBUSHED US, AND THEN THEY—
KUH

ARMOR-PIERCING!
DROKK IT...
...
...WHEN I DO FIND YOU, I'M GOING TO DISMANTLE YOUR ENTIRE LINE!


I DON'T LIKE THIS, MYERS...
THE KID'LL BE F.NE, DON'T WORRY.
NOT HIM. THE PERPS. THE PARADISE MACH NE WASN'T SOME RANDOM MALFUNCT ON. EITHER THEY PLANNED IT, OR THEY'RE WORK.NG FOR SOMEONE WHO D.D.
THE ROBOTS MALFUNCT ONED THANKS TO ALL OF THAT TOXIC FRUIT GOOP. SAME THING HAPPENED TO OUR GEAR.
D FFERENCE IS, OUR GEAR DIDN'T TRY TO KILL US.
"MAKE NO MISTAKE, JUDGE MYERS... I'M GO NG TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!"
NEXT WHEN JUDGES GO BAD!

ART BY JIM STARLIN AND ALLEN MILGROM ★ COLORS BY JEAN-PAUL BOVE

LOOTING IN PROGRESS - THE NOSTALGIA SHOP, PLEASURE MALL, ZUCKERBERG BLOCK.
PLEASE, WILL YOU JUST DO SOMETHING?
HOW CAN YOU JUST STAND THERE? THEY'RE CLEANING ME OUT!
IMMOBILIZE THEM, SHOCK THEM... ANYTHING!
T-3000

PROTECTION RACKET

SCRIPT BY: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI

ART BY: PAUL GULACY

COLOR BY: LEONARD O'GRADY

EDITORIAL BY: CHRIS RYALL

WHAT?! THIS IS WHY YOU'RE HERE, TO PROTECT THE STORE IN SITUATIONS JUST LIKE THIS ONE!
UM. NEVER MIND THAT... YOU'RE NOT BEING PROFESSIONAL!
HIM! RIGHT THERE! USE YOUR IMMOBI-SPIKES TO INCAPACITATE HIM UNTIL A JUDGE SHOWS UP!
ARGH..
...YOU! YOU THERE!
OH.
UM, HEY BUSBY
..WESLEY?
WESLEY HOFER?!

YOU'RE ONE OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS. WE'VE DINED TOGETHER, FOR GRJD'S SAKE... WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?
I WAS... UH, JUST KEEPING YOUR STUFF SAFE FROM THE OTHER LOOTERS?
OKAY... SO I WASN'T KEEPING YOUR STUFF SAFE FROM THE OTHER LOOTERS.
I'M SORRY, WES, BUT THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD
MY TRANS-3000 IS GOING TO DETAIN YOU UNTIL—
—HEY!
STOP HIM!

HUFF HUFF .. HUFF...
OOF!
PLEASE .. NO...
GIMME THOSE HEADPHONES!
SHE'S RIGHT... IT'S LIKE YOU'RE STEALING THE FOOD RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH!

GONNA... MAKE YOU.. PAY...
T-3
KAK
SEE THAT?
I DON'T NEED YOU, STUPID DROID. I CAN DEFEND MYSELF. I'M..
FREEZE, SCUM! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER!

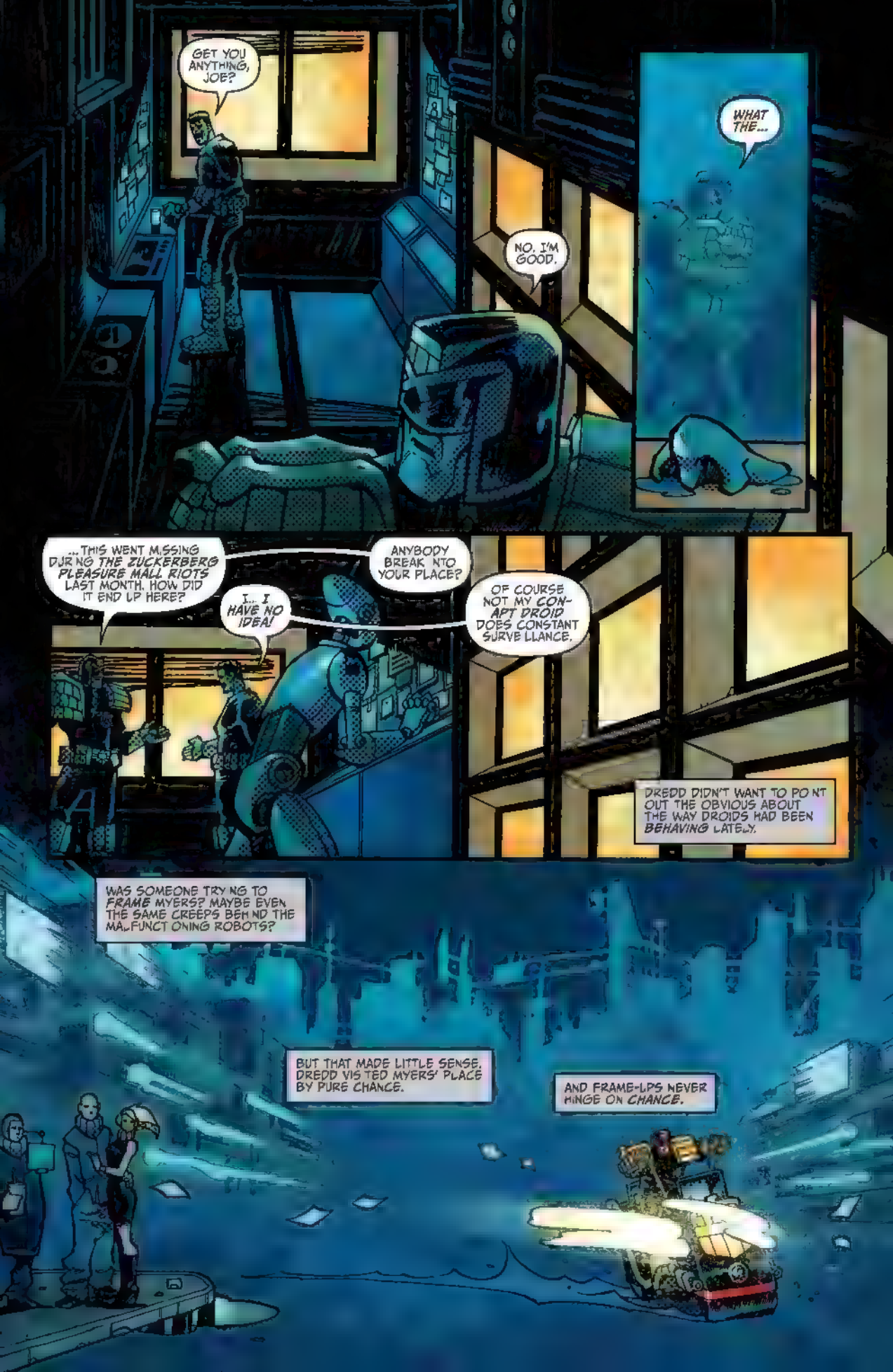
NO! JUDGE, WAIT! MY ROBOT, YOU SEE, SHE MALFUNCTIONED AND... AND THERE WERE ALL THESE LOOTERS...
WHAT?! WHY, YOU DROKKING WH—
SAVE IT, CREEP TWENTY YEARS IN AN ISO-CUBE WILL MAKE YOU FORGET ALL ABOUT YOUR LITTLE GRUDGE.
NOBODY TAKES THE LAW INTO THE R OWN HANDS N MEGA-CITY ONE
END.

ART BY ZACH HOWARD ★ COLORS BY NELSON DANIEL

MEGA-CITY ONE.
EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION RESIDENTS, ALL OF THEM JAMMED INTO MASSIVE STRUCTURES CALLED BLOCKS
INEVITABLY THERE ARE... DISAGREEMENTS.
SOMETIMES THE DISAGREEMENTS ARE VIOLENT ENOUGH TO ESCALATE INTO FULL-SCALE BLOCK WARS.
OMG
AND BLOCK WARS ALWAYS BRING OUT... THE JUDGES.
CITIZENS! DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

THEY SCREWED WITH OUR GRUDDAMN SANITATION ROBOTS!
WHAT? YOU RUINED OURS! THEY'VE BEEN RECYCLING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT, INCLUDING MY GRANDPOP!
ENOUGH!
ANOTHER WAVE OF MALFUNCTIONS, JOE.
WE NEED TO TAKE OUT THOSE DROIDS.
SOMEBODY'S BEH ND THIS...
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, JOE—THIS IS HAPPEN NG WAY TOO OFTEN TO BE RANDOM GLITCHES.
DROKK!
IT'S CHEWING THROUGH MY HELMET!

ARMOR-PIERCING.
HOLD PERFECTLY STILL, MYERS.
JOE... PLEASE...
...SHOOT NOW, FOR CRUD'S SAKE!
BLAM
I'M TELLING YOU, I'M FINE. I DON'T NEED THE MED UNIT.
I'M FOLLOWING YOU HOME ANYWAY.


GET YOU ANYTHING, JOE?
NO. I'M GOOD.
WHAT THE...
...THIS WENT MISSING DURING THE ZUCKERBERG PLEASURE MALL RIOTS LAST MONTH. HOW DID IT END UP HERE?
I... I HAVE NO IDEA!
ANYBODY BREAK INTO YOUR PLACE?
OF COURSE NOT MY CONDO-APT DROID DOES CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE.
DREDD DIDN'T WANT TO POINT OUT THE OBVIOUS ABOUT THE WAY DROIDS HAD BEEN BEHAVING LATELY.
WAS SOMEONE TRYING TO FRAME MYERS? MAYBE EVEN THE SAME CREEPS BEHIND THE MALFUNCTIONING ROBOTS?
BUT THAT MADE LITTLE SENSE. DREDD VISITED MYERS' PLACE BY PURE CHANCE.
AND FRAME-UPS NEVER HINGE ON CHANCE.

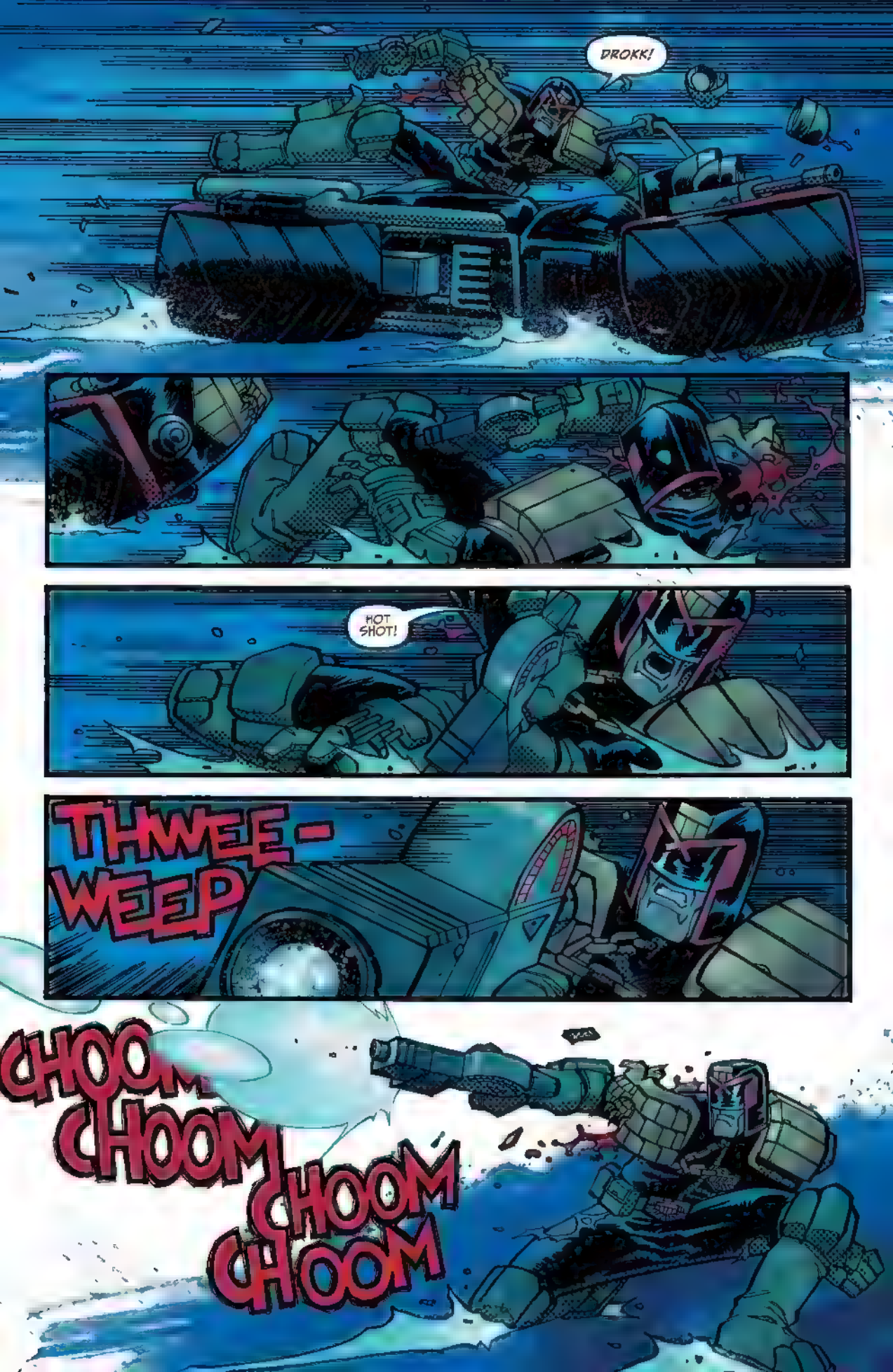
STILL, GOING STRAIGHT TO THE SPECIAL JUDICIAL SQUAD—THE JUDGES WHO JUDGE THE JUDGES—FELT LIKE THE WRONG PLAY.
DREDD DECIDED TO LOOK THROUGH MYERS' CASE FILES.
...WHICH ONLY MADE THINGS WORSE.
THERE WAS MISPLACED EVIDENCE, CORRUPTED CASE FILES.
MISSING HOURS FROM HIS DAILY REPORTS
IT WASN'T CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT MYERS WAS BENT. RECORDS COULD BE TAMPERED, EVEN IN THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
DREDD KNEW HE NEEDED TO CONFRONT THIS THING HEAD-ON.
HE CHOSE A PUBLIC PLACE, JUST TO BE SURE, AND TOLD MYERS WHAT HE'D DISCOVERED
KEEPING ONE HAND ON HIS LAWGIVER.
JOE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
...DON'T DO IT, MYERS.

YOU NEED TO BR NG ME IN TO THE SJS R GHT AWAY.
AS I SEE T, YOU REA..LY DON'T HAVE A CHO CE.
NOT YET, MYERS. I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE N M ND...
IN ADDITION TO A PUBL C PLACE, DREDD ALSO BROUGHT BACKUP: JUDGE ANDERSON, A RISING STAR IN THE PSI DIVIS ON.
GEE, DREDD, WHEN YOU CALL N A FAVOR, YOU REALLY CALL IN A FAVOR.

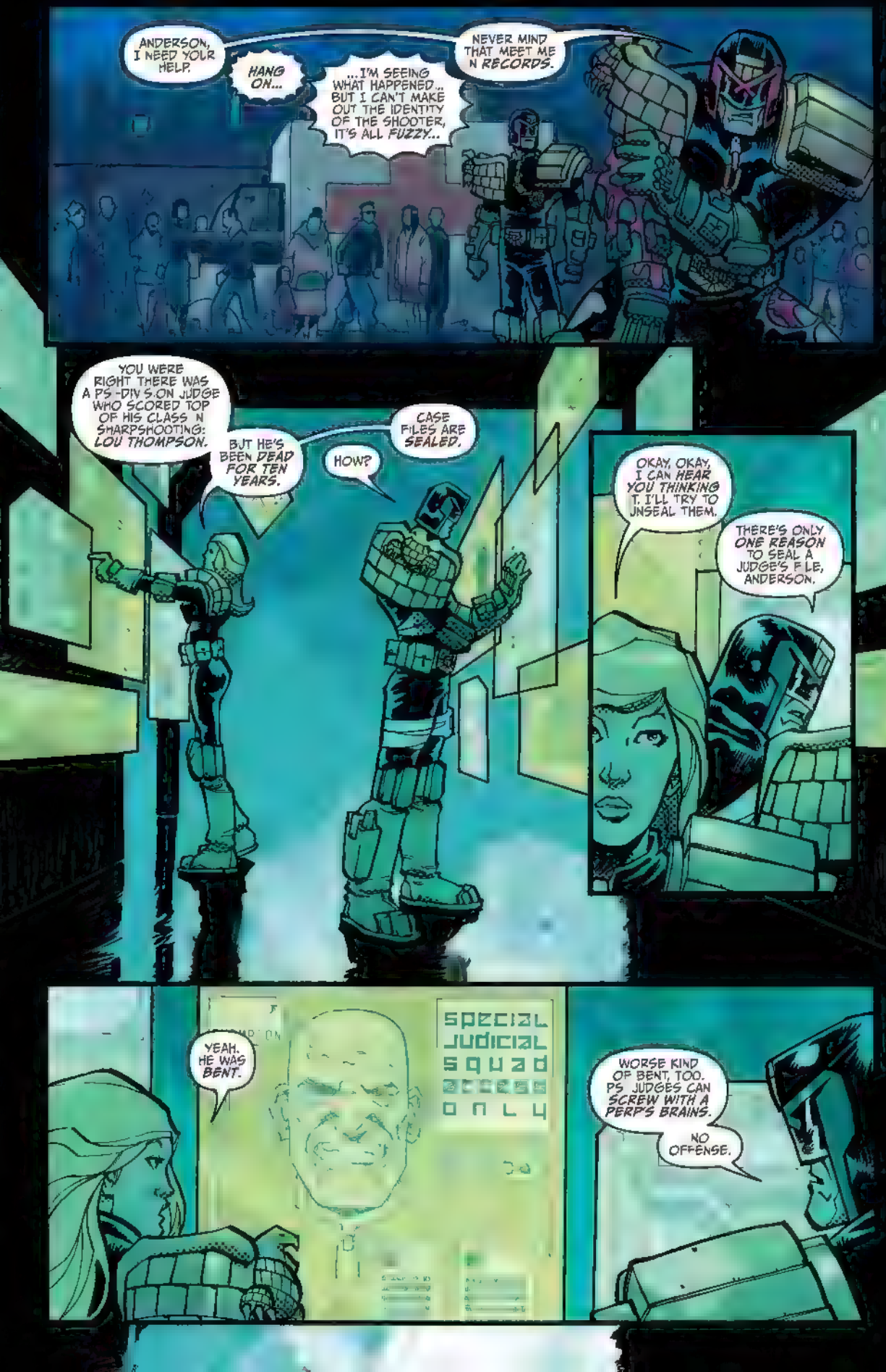
YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY WITH THIS, JUDGE MYERS?
I'VE GOT NOTHING TO H.DE.

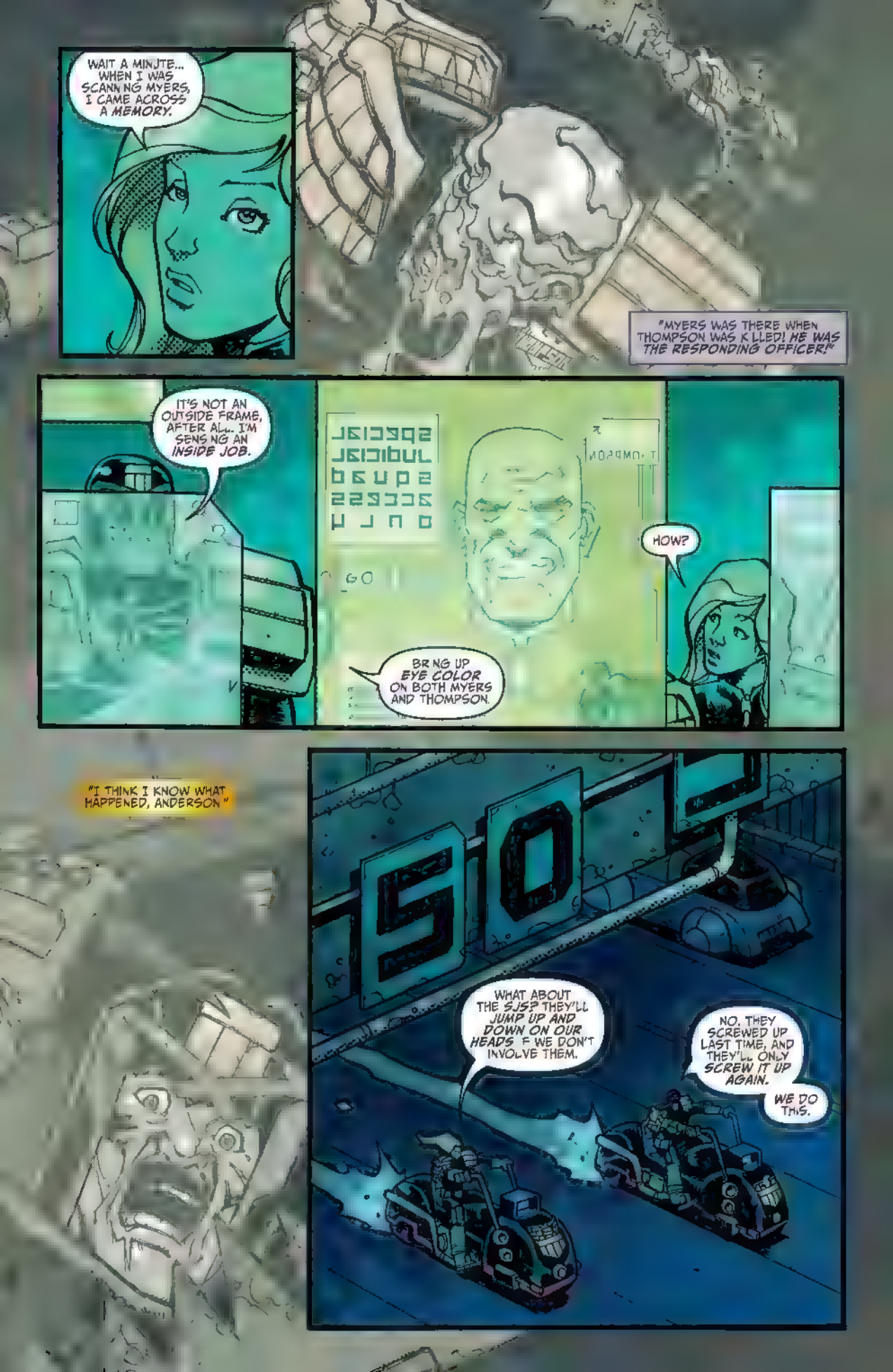
HE'S HAD ONE HELL OF A CAREER.
BUT HE'S CLEAN, DREDD.

JOE, THERE'S A FLOOD OF EXPERIMENTAL DRUGS ON THE STREET NOW THAT PEOPLE ARE USING TO BLOCK PSI SCANS.
DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE THAT—
HOW WOULD SOMETHING LIKE THAT FOOL OUR REGULAR TOX SCREENS?
NO, I'M THINKING IT'S A FRAME-UP SOMEONE WITH HEAVY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CONNECTIONS IS TRYING TO TAKE OUT MYERS
"AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO."
DLAM
DLAM
GNUH


DROKK!
HOT SHOT!
THWEE-WEEP
CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM

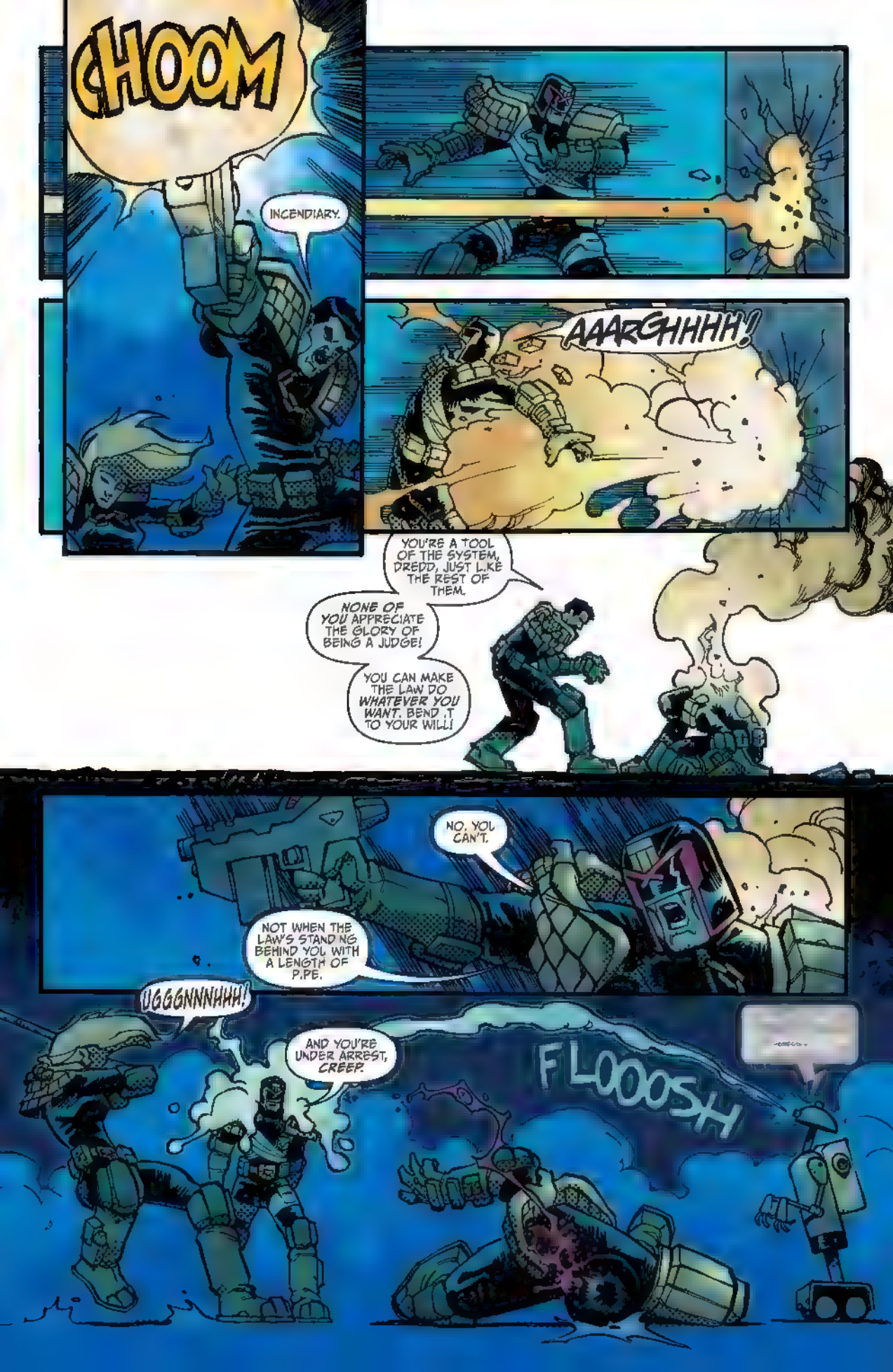
NOT ONLY DOES THE SHOOTER KNOW HOW TO THROW OFF HEATSEEKING BULLETS...
SPAK SPAK SPAK SPAK
...BUT HE'S CLEARLY JUDGE-TRAINED, TOO.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
GAH!
SHUK
DREDD TO CONTROL, I'VE GOT A SHOOTER NEAR THEODORE NUGENT BLOCK, FLEEING ON FOOT.
HE'S ARMED AND HIGHLY TRAINED.
FLOOOSH


ANDERSON, I NEED YOUR HELP.
HANG ON...
...I'M SEEING WHAT HAPPENED... BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT THE IDENTITY OF THE SHOOTER, IT'S ALL FUZZY...
NEVER MIND THAT MEET ME N RECORDS.
YOU WERE RIGHT THERE WAS A PS-DIV S.ON JUDGE WHO SCORED TOP OF HIS CLASS N SHARPSHOOTING: LOU THOMPSON.
BUT HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR TEN YEARS.
HOW?
CASE FILES ARE SEALED.
OKAY, OKAY, I CAN HEAR YOU THINKING T. I'LL TRY TO UNSEAL THEM.
THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON TO SEAL A JUDGE'S FILE, ANDERSON.
SPECIAL JUDICIAL SQUAD
ACCESS ONLY
YEAH. HE WAS BENT.
WORSE KIND OF BENT, TOO. PS JUDGES CAN SCREW WITH A PERP'S BRAINS.
NO OFFENSE.


WAIT A MINUTE... WHEN I WAS SCANNING MYERS, I CAME ACROSS A MEMORY.
"MYERS WAS THERE WHEN THOMPSON WAS KILLED! HE WAS THE RESPONDING OFFICER!"
IT'S NOT AN OUTSIDE FRAME, AFTER ALL... I'M SENSING AN INSIDE JOB.
HOW?
BRING UP EYE COLOR ON BOTH MYERS AND THOMPSON.
"I THINK I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, ANDERSON."
WHAT ABOUT THE SJSJ? THEY'LL JUMP UP AND DOWN ON OUR HEADS IF WE DON'T INVOLVE THEM.
NO. THEY SCREWED UP LAST TIME, AND THEY'LL ONLY SCREW IT UP AGAIN.
WE DO THIS.

OH, NO. WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU TWO FOUND?
I'M TELLING YOU BOTH, I'M CLEAN. I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS...
DUANE
HAVE YOU BEEN BLACKING OUT, MYERS? ARE THERE PERIODS OF MISSING TIME YOU CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR?
WAIT, WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME THIS?
BETTER IF WE SHOW YOU.
WAIT, I—
GUHHHHHHH...
...YOUMINDWORMINGBITCH. .

YOU'RE BOTH GOING TO PAY FOR THIS.
JUDGE JAMES MYERS... THOMPSON IS THE KILLER INSIDE YOU!
"HE HIDES HIS OWN INTELLECT DEEP BENEATH YOUR OWN PERSONALITY. ANY PS SCANS REVEAL AN HONEST, INCORRUPTIBLE JUDGE THAT'S YOU.
"BUT WHEN THE SITUATION PRESENTS ITSELF, THOMPSON TAKES OVER YOUR BODY.
"HE'S A SADIST WHO LIKES TO WATCH INNOCENT PEOPLE SUFFER AND DIE. JUST LIKE HE DID WHEN HE WAS ALIVE.
"AND YOU PROVIDE THE ULTIMATE COVER, MYERS."
CONGRATULATIONS, DREDD. YOU AND ANDERSON ARE THE ONLY JUDGES WHO KNOW I'M STILL ALIVE.
BUT NOT FOR LONG...
GNUHHHHH

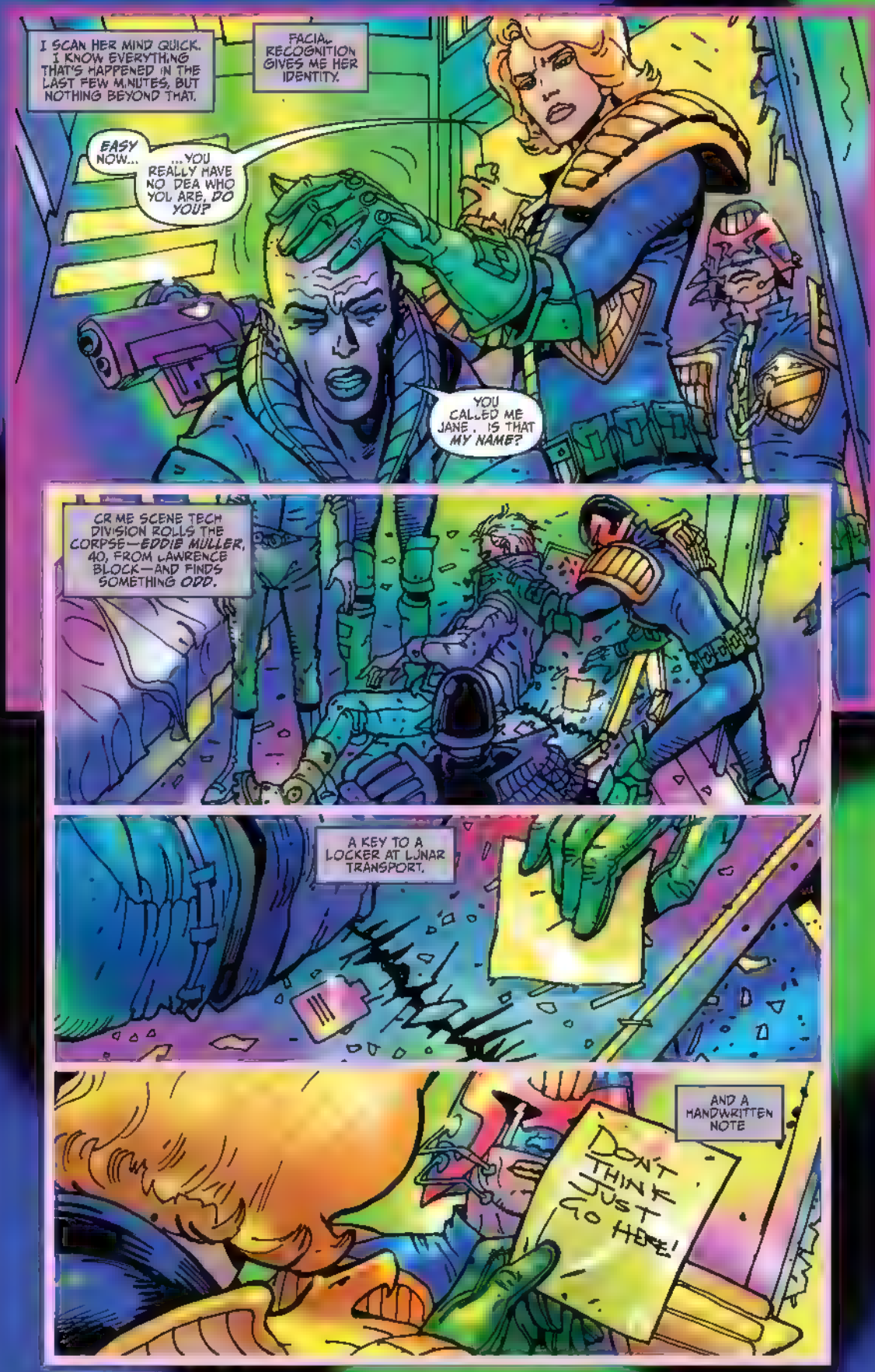

HOOM
INCENDIARY.
AAARGHHHH!
YOU'RE A TOOL OF THE SYSTEM, DREDD, JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM.
NONE OF YOU APPRECIATE THE GLORY OF BEING A JUDGE!
YOU CAN MAKE THE LAW DO WHATEVER YOU WANT. BEND IT TO YOUR WILL!
NO. YOU CAN'T.
NOT WHEN THE LAW'S STANDING BEHIND YOU WITH A LENGTH OF PIPE.
UGGGNNNHHH!
AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CREEP.
FLOOOSH

SO WHAT DO WE DO? THE MYERS SIDE OF HIM IS STILL INNOCENT.
AND THE THOMPSON SIDE IS A SADISTIC PSYCHO WHO SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO LIVE.
BUT A SENTENCE FOR THOMPSON IS ONE FOR MYERS, TOO!
THE SENTENCE IS..
..DEATH!
YOU'LL ALL BURN FOR THIS!
YOU FIRST, THOMPSON
HOW YOU ADJUSTING TO YOUR NEW BODY, MYERS? ANDERSON SAID SHE'S NEVER QUITE ATTEMPTED ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.
TO BE CONTINUED

ART BY **GREG STAPLES**

JANE WINDSOR TOTTER—26 YEARS OLD, ALLEN BARON BLOCK, SECTOR 60—WAKES UP INSIDE A FILM NOIR CLICHE.
NO MEMORY OF THE CHEAP HOTEL POD, WITH—OF HOW SHE GOT THERE, OR EVEN THAT HER NAME IS JANE TOTTER
WHERE THE—
—OH.
JUDGE DREDD
THE GOOD PARTS
SCRIPT DROID: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI
ART DROID: BRENDAN McCARTHY
EDITORIAL DROID: CHRIS RYALL
DEAD BODY IN THE CORNER, EYES BURNED OUT WITH A LASER, BRAIN BOILED AND RUPTURED.
OH, GRUD.
LASER IN HER TREMBLING HANDS, AND A MILLION QUESTIONS RACING THROUGH HER MIND.
"DID I DO THIS? AND IF SO, WHY DID I DO THIS?
"OR WAS I SET UP?"

JANE SEARCHES FRANTICALLY FOR AN IDENTICARD OR PERSONAL BELONGINGS OR ANYTHING THAT MIGHT GIVE HER A CLUE AS TO HER IDENTITY
BUT THERE'S NOTHING NOT EVEN THE CLOTHES SHE'S WEARING LOOK FAMILIAR.
SHE THINKS ABOUT THE JUDGES. NOTHING BRINGS OUT THE PSI DIVISION FASTER THAN A GUILTY MIND, BROADCASTING FEAR AND PANIC.
SHE FIGURES THAT RUNNING IS HER ONLY HOPE. KEEP HER MIND BLANK, WIPE DOWN ANYTHING SHE MAY HAVE TOUCHED...
...DROKK, SHE THINKS TO HERSELF. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I MAY HAVE TOUCHED!
WHICH IS WHEN I SHOWED UP.
STOP RIGHT THERE, JANE WINDSOR TOTTER— YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
SLAM!


I SCAN HER MIND QUICK. I KNOW EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES, BUT NOTHING BEYOND THAT.
FACIAL RECOGNITION GIVES ME HER IDENTITY.
EASY NOW...
...YOU REALLY HAVE NO IDEA WHO YOU ARE, DO YOU?
YOU CALLED ME JANE. IS THAT MY NAME?
CRIME SCENE TECH DIVISION ROLLS THE CORPSE—EDDIE MULLER, 40, FROM LAWRENCE BLOCK—AND FINDS SOMETHING ODD.
A KEY TO A LOCKER AT LUNAR TRANSPORT.
AND A HANDWRITTEN NOTE
DON'T THINK. JUST GO HERE!

NO... YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE THE HANDWRITING, DO YOU?
WHY? WHAT DOES IT SAY?
GO AHEAD. USE THE KEY
LOCK-UP
JUICE
INSIDE ARE THREE ITEMS: A VID SCREEN, AN EXPRESS TICKET TO THE MOON, AND A SINGLE PILL
LUNAR TRANSIT TICKET
OKAY, YOU MADE IT THIS FAR. THE BEST PART'S YET TO COME
THIS CAN'T BE ME. I DON'T REMEM—
BOARD THE 9-09 EXPRESS, WAIT UNTIL LIFTOFF, THEN TAKE THE PILL.
DON'T.
BUT I.. HOW DID YOU..
..AND THEN GET READY TO RELIVE THE GOOD PART

I ORDER JANE TO TAKE THE PILL. AND WITHIN SECONDS, ALL BECOMES CLEAR, INDEED.
AS HER MEMORY RETURNS, I CAN SCAN IT.
SEEMS JANE WINDSOR TOTTER HERE IS A SERIAL MANKILLER, AND SHE'S BEEN WORKING HER LOCAL BLOCKS FOR YEARS, UNDETECTED.
GRUD.
SHE PICKED UP MULLER IN A BAR, BROUGHT HIM BACK TO A CHEAP PAY-BY-THE-HOUR POD...
.. LASERED HIS BRAINS OUT.
SSSSS
THEN POPPED A BLACK-MARKET AMNES A PILL, WHICH MADE HER FORGET EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE MURDER ITSELF

JANE INTENDED TO MAKE HER GETAWAY WITH A BLANK MIND TO FOOL ANY PSI DIVISION JUDGES SHE MIGHT ENCOUNTER.
WHICH IS WHY SHE LEFT HERSELF A NOTE
WHICH THE VICTIM UNKNOWINGLY HID.
NOW THE PSI D VISION KNOWS ABOUT THE AMNESIA PILLS.
AND JANE WINDSOR TOTTER WILL HAVE 90 TO 120 YEARS TO THINK BACK ON THE GOOD PARTS.
THE END

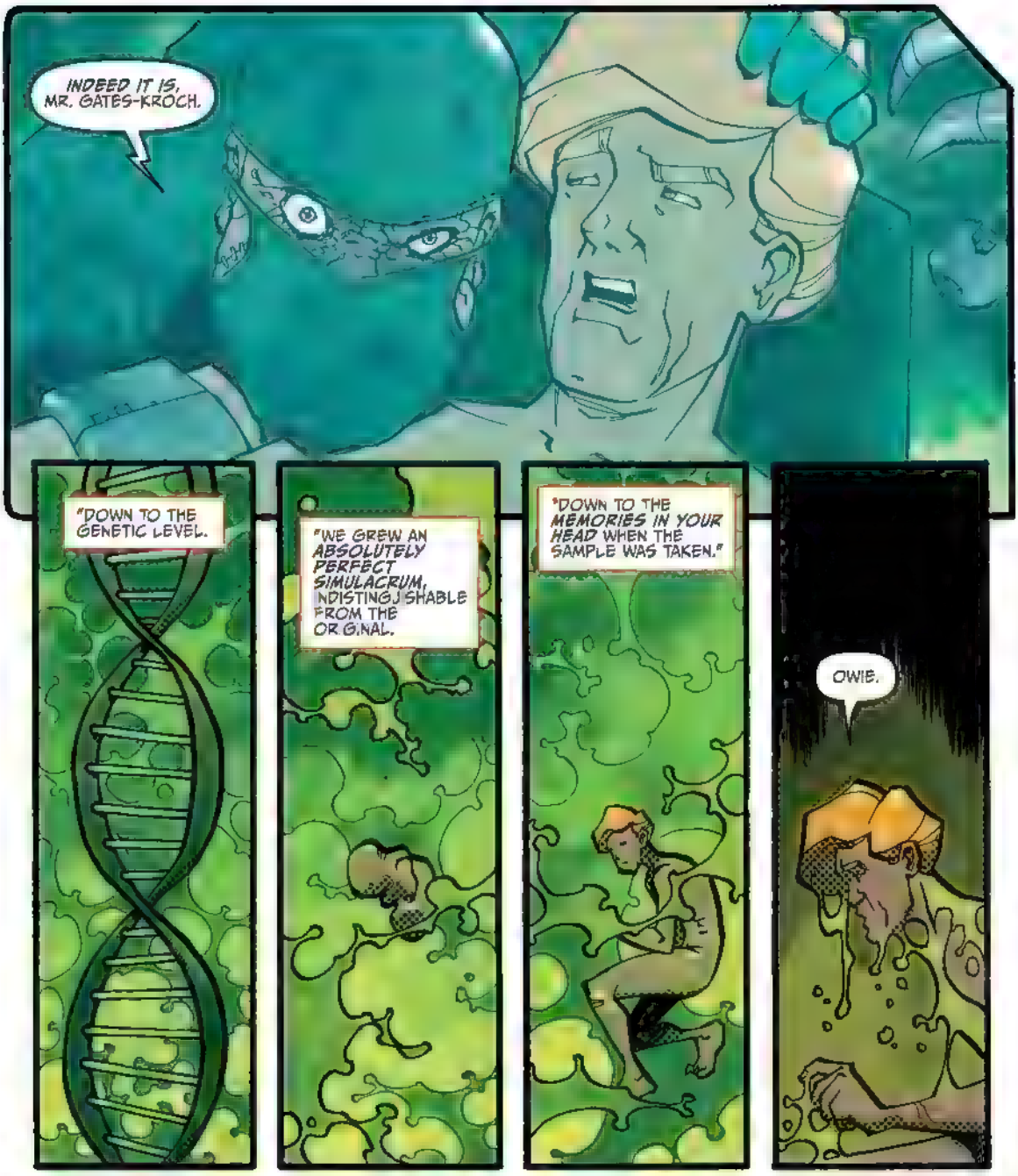
ART BY ZACH HOWARD ★ COLORS BY NELSON DANIEL

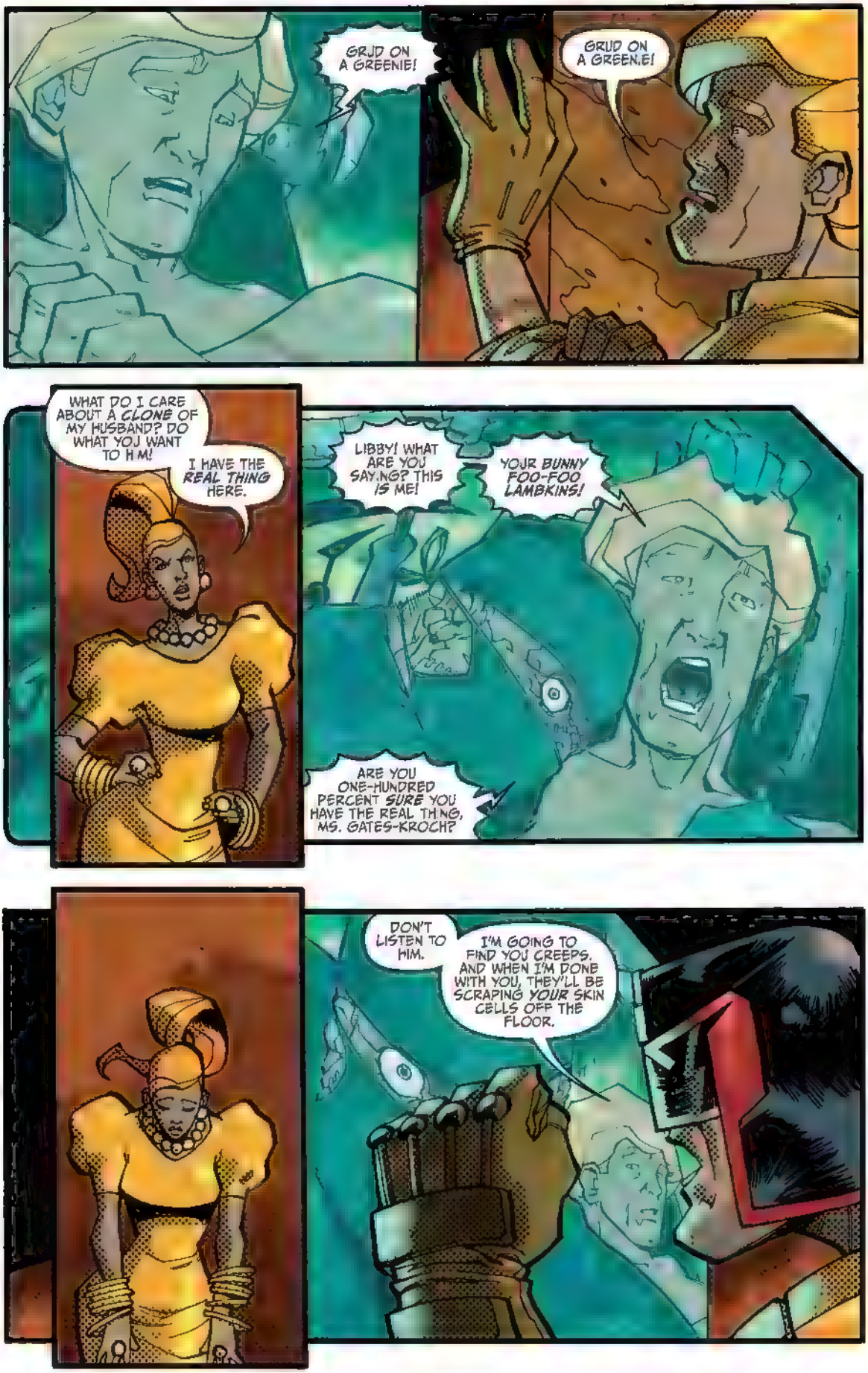
MEGA-CITY ONE.
THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS IN CRISIS MODE.
DOZENS OF JUDGES RACE THROUGHOUT COUNTLESS SQUARE MILES OF OVERCROWDED, VOLATILE SPRAWL, ALL BECAUSE ..
...A TRUMP ALERT HAS BEEN SOUNDED!
ONE OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S WEALTHIEST CITIZENS HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED!
NO EXPENSE WILL BE SPARED...
...NO BLOCK WILL GO UNSEARCHED...
...NO SNITCH WILL GO UNSQUEEZED...
...UNTIL JEREMY GATES-KROCH, THE TROPHY HUSBAND OF DROID TECH SAVANT LIBBY GATES-KROCH, IS LOCATED.
TRUMP ALERT
JEREMY GATES-KROCH
Script Droid SW.ERCZYNSKI
Art Droid
Editorial Droid RYAL.

THE SEARCH TAKES ABOUT 37 SECONDS.
STOMM!
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
SUBJECT LOCATED, CONTROL. CALL OFF THE TRUMP
DO YOU KNOW WHO MY WIFE IS?!
CONTROL, I'M HERE AT GATES-KROCH HQ.
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.
HEY! WAIT! DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT? SHE'S NOT SEEING ANYONE RIGHT NOW!
SHE'LL BE SEEING ME IN ABOUT TWO SECONDS.
WE FOUND YOUR HUSBAND, SAFE AND SOUND. YOU CAN STOP WASTING THE DEPARTMENT'S TIME.

SAFE!? YOU CALL THIS SAFE?
"HE'S ABOUT TO BE TORTURED BY MADMEN!"
DO YOU KNOW WHO MY WIFE IS!?
THESE MONSTERS WANT 100 BILLION IN CASH...
". OR THEY'RE GOING TO START CUTTING INTO MY JEREMY AND MAKE ME WATCH!
AND I'LL BET THEY WARNED YOU NOT TO CALL THE JUDGES.
NO.
"ONE PIECE OF HIS SWEET BODY EVERY HOUR UNTIL I PAY UP AND IT'S ALREADY BEEN 55 MINUTES!"

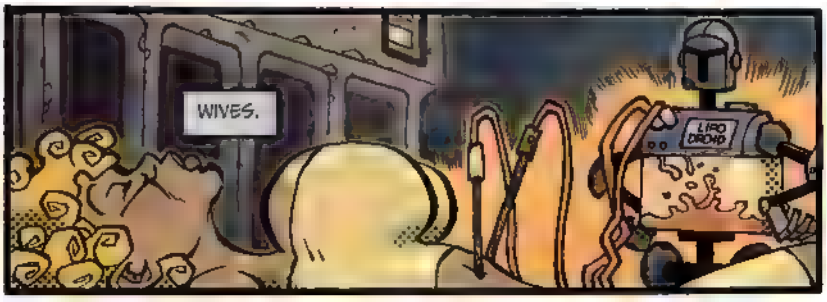
WE VERY MUCH WANT THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT INVOLVED.
HOW ELSE WOULD WE GUARANTEE THE SAFE TRANSIT OF OUR PAYMENT?
THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE A PAYMENT.
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T ACTUALLY HAVE THE HUSBAND. WE LOCATED HIM A FEW MINUTES AGO.
WHAT YOU'VE GOT IS A MODEL CUT TO LOOK LIKE HIM.
WHAT? I'M NOT A MODEL! WELL, I WAS A MODEL BEFORE I MARRIED LIBBY BUT—
SURRENDER NOW AND YOU'RE ONLY LOOKING AT 30 YEARS FOR ATTEMPTED EXTORTION.
LAMBKINS!
. JEREMY?
YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME WHILE I WAS—
—IS THAT... ME?

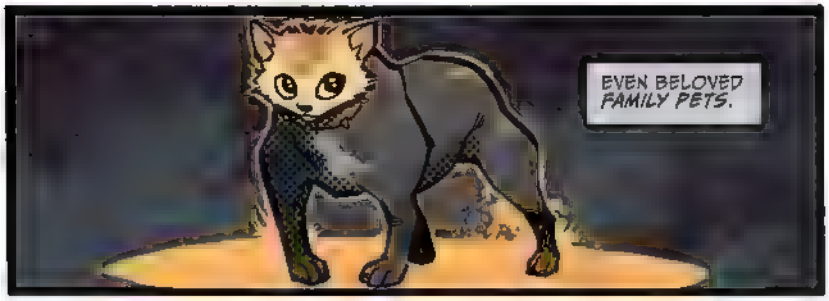

INDEED IT IS, MR. GATES-KROCH.
"DOWN TO THE GENETIC LEVEL.
"WE GREW AN ABSOLUTELY PERFECT SIMULACRUM, INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE ORIGINAL.
"DOWN TO THE MEMORIES IN YOUR HEAD WHEN THE SAMPLE WAS TAKEN."
OWIE.
LOOK AT YOUR ARMS.
ALL IT TOOK WAS A SIMPLE SKIN SCRAPE.

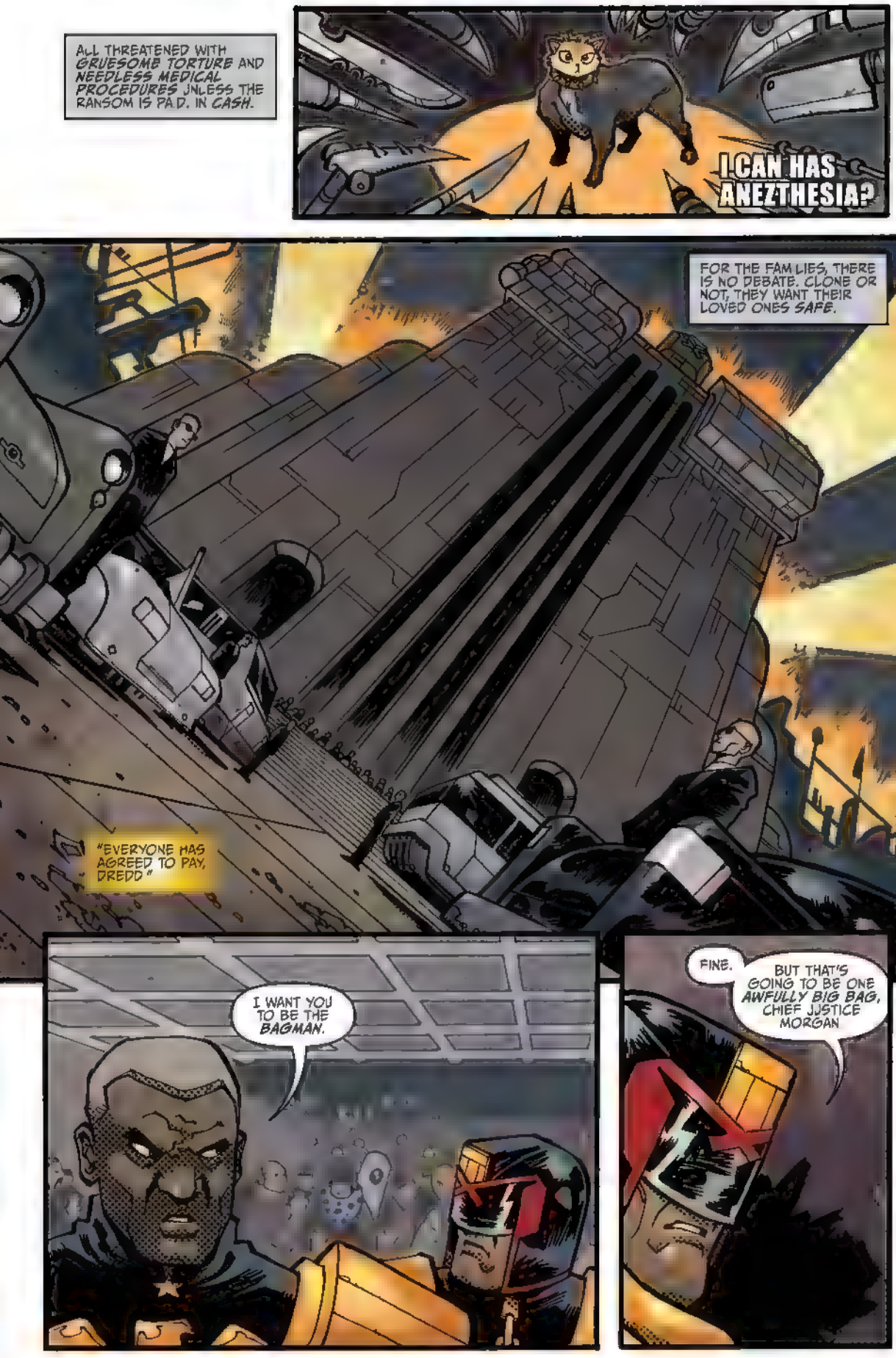

GRJD ON A GREENIE!
GRJD ON A GREEN.E!
WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT A *CLONE* OF MY HUSBAND? DO WHAT YOJ WANT TO H M!
I HAVE THE *REAL THING* HERE.
LIBBY! WHAT ARE YOU SAY.NG? THIS *IS* ME!
YOUR *BUNNY FOO-FOO LAMBKINS!*
ARE YOU ONE-HUNDRED PERCENT *SURE* YOU HAVE THE REAL TH.NG, MS. GATES-KROCH?
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM.
I'M GOING TO FIND YOU CREEPS. AND WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU, THEY'LL BE SCRAPING *YOUR* SKIN CELLS OFF THE FLOOR.

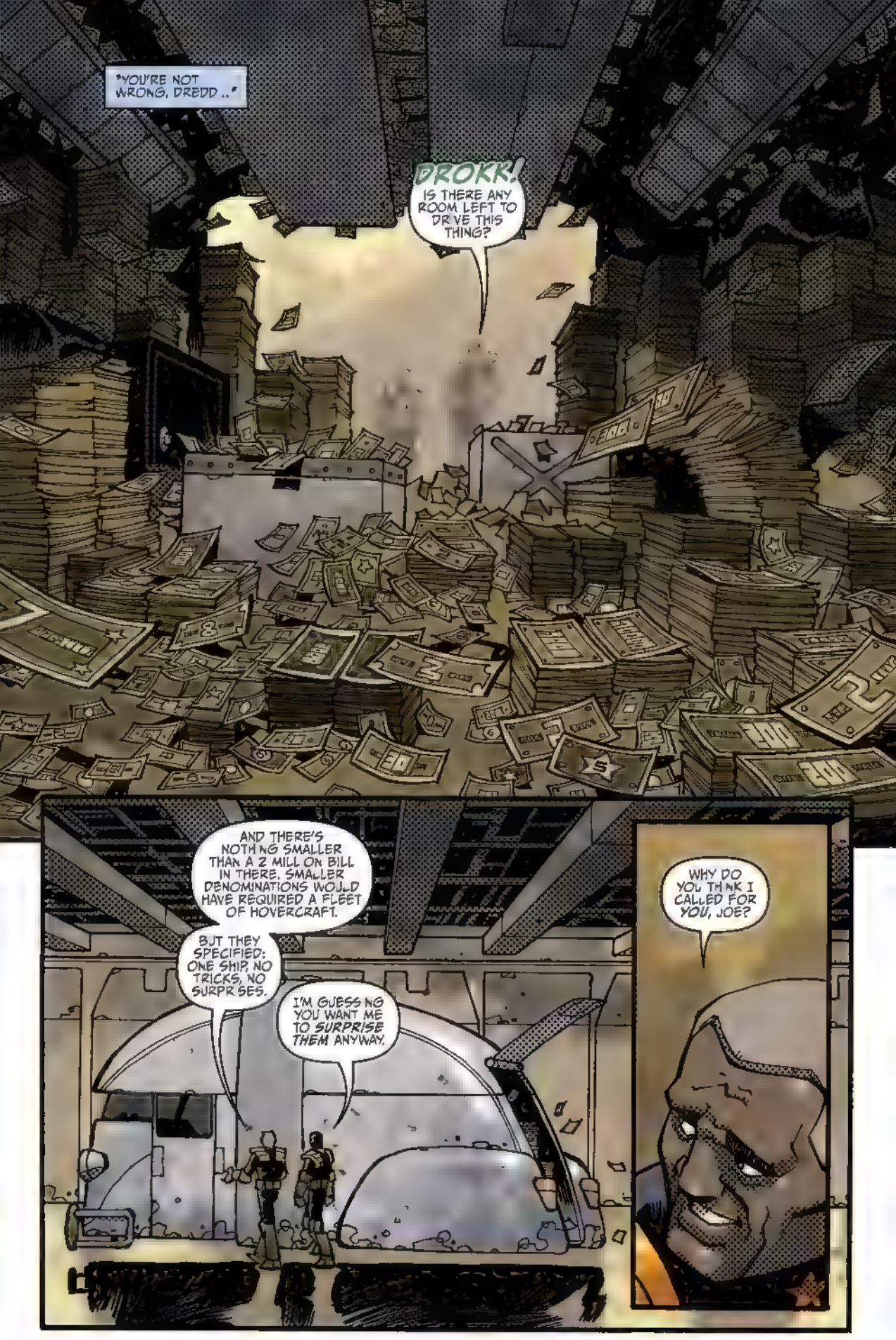
NO.
I'LL PAY.
LAMBKINS, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE *OUR MONEY* TO THAT SLAB OF SYNTHETIC BEEF, ARE YOU!? HE'S A FAKE! HE'S... UH, A *BEEF-FAKE!*
AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, KEEP *BOTH* OF US? I DON'T THINK WE CAN AFFORD THAT...
QUIET, ALL OF YOU.
GO AHEAD, CONTROL.
CONTROL HAD *BAD NEWS.*
THE GATES-KROCH DNA-JACKING WAS *NOT* AN ISOLATED INCIDENT.

WITHIN THE PAST FEW MINUTES, *NINE OTHER CASES* HAD BEEN REPORTED. THE TARGETS: RELATIVES OF THE CITY'S WEALTHIEST RESIDENTS.

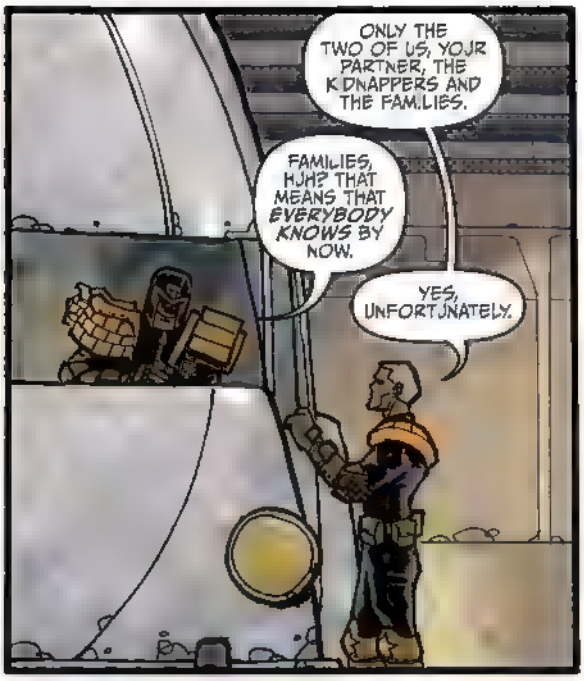





ALL THREATENED WITH GRUESOME TORTURE AND NEEDLESS MEDICAL PROCEDURES UNLESS THE RANSOM IS PAID IN CASH.
I CAN HAS ANEZTHESIA?
FOR THE FAMILIES, THERE IS NO DEBATE. CLONE OR NOT, THEY WANT THEIR LOVED ONES SAFE.
"EVERYONE HAS AGREED TO PAY, DREDD"
I WANT YOU TO BE THE BAGMAN.
FINE.
BUT THAT'S GOING TO BE ONE AWFULLY BIG BAG, CHIEF JUSTICE MORGAN


"YOU'RE NOT WRONG, DREDD.."
DROKK!
IS THERE ANY ROOM LEFT TO DRIVE THIS THING?
AND THERE'S NOTHING SMALLER THAN A Z MILL ON BILL IN THERE. SMALLER DENOMINATIONS WOULD HAVE REQUIRED A FLEET OF HOVERCRAFT.
BUT THEY SPECIFIED: ONE SHIP, NO TRICKS, NO SURPRISES.
I'M GUESSING YOU WANT ME TO *SURPRISE THEM* ANYWAY.
WHY DO YOU THINK I CALLED FOR *YOU*, JOE?

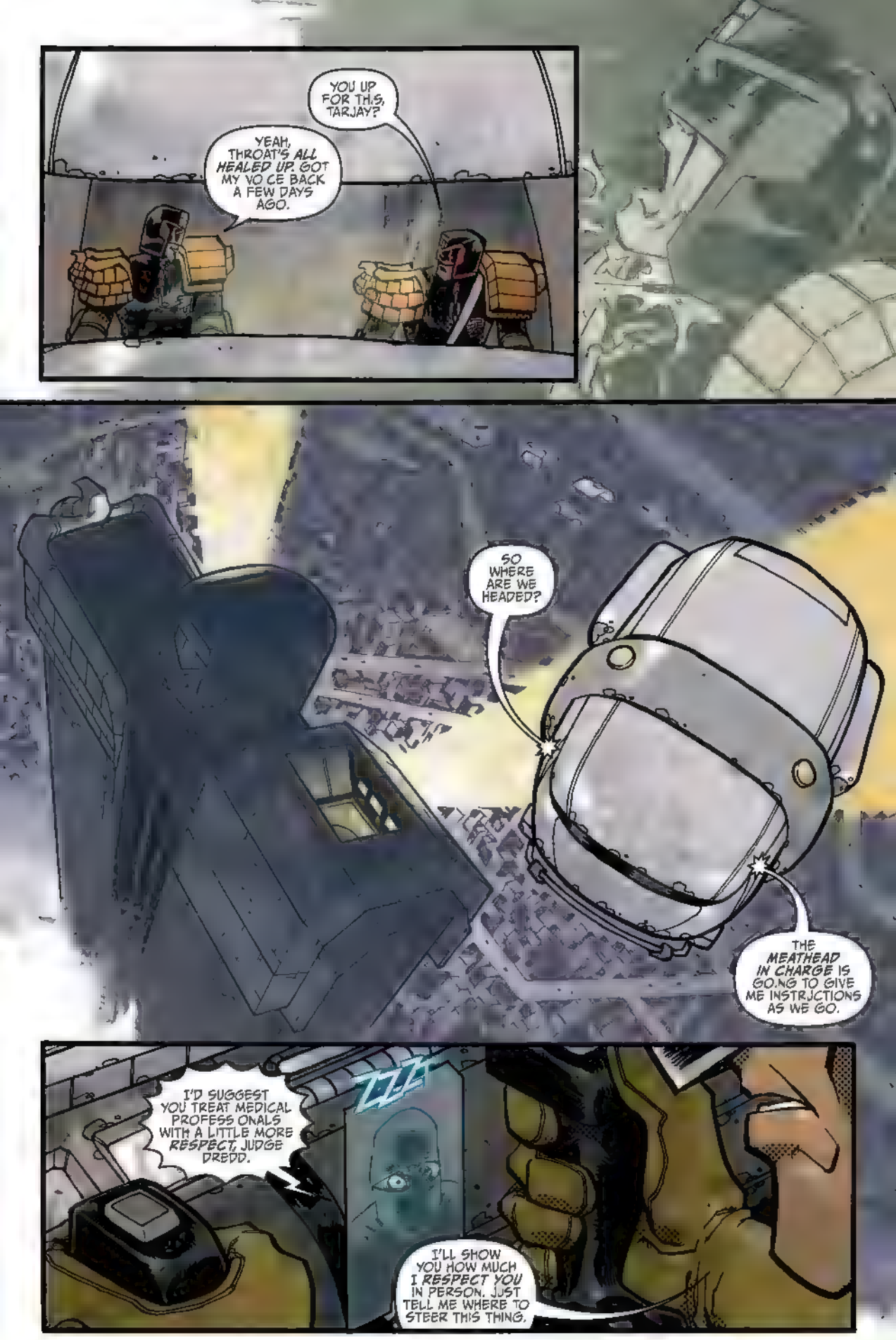
I KNOW I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT THIS MONEY *CANNOT* FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
THIS INFLUX OF CASH COULD *DESTABILIZE* THE CITY.
UNDERSTOOD.
WHO ELSE KNOWS ABOUT THIS DROP-OFF?


ONLY THE TWO OF US, YOUR PARTNER, THE KIDNAPPERS AND THE FAMILIES.
FAMILIES, HUH? THAT MEANS THAT *EVERYBODY KNOWS* BY NOW.
YES, UNFORTUNATELY.

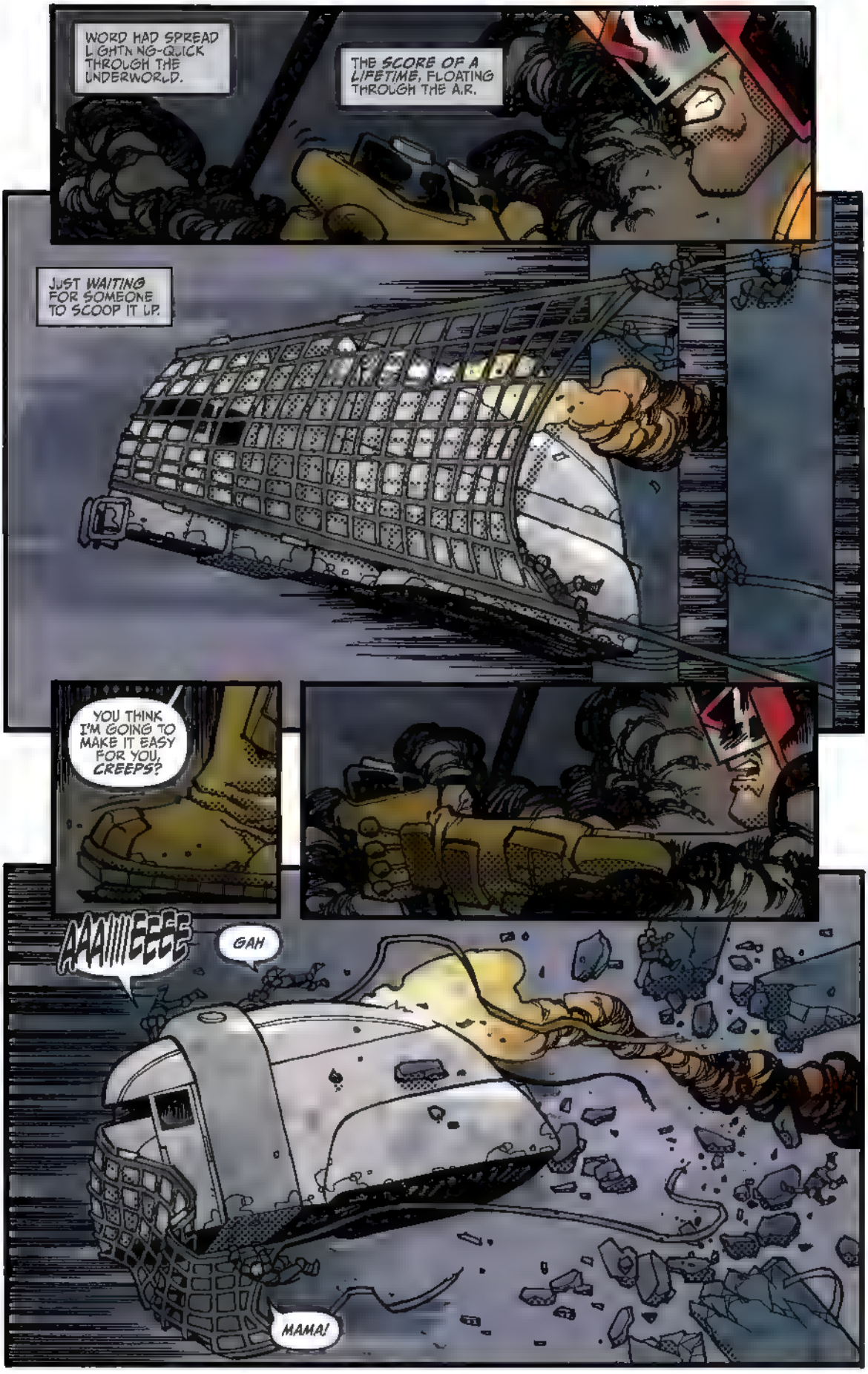
BUT WE'VE INSTALLED A SAFEGUARD. THIS DOOR LOCK IS CODED TO YOUR DNA. ONLY *YOU* CAN LOCK OR OPEN IT.
YOU GET INTO A JAM, YOU *LOCK YOURSELF* INSIDE WITH THE MONEY AND WAIT FOR REINFORCEMENTS, GOT IT?
CHIEF JUSTICE! I D-DIDN'T EXPECT YOU HERE!

JUDGE TARJAY, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME. YOU'RE RIDING SHOTGUN ON THIS MISSION.
JUST HAPPY TO BE BACK IN *ACTION,* SIR.

COME ON, TARJAY. TIME'S WASTING.
PULL UP A *STACK OF CASH* AND HAVE A SEAT.


YOU UP FOR TH.S, TARJAY?
YEAH, THROAT'S *ALL HEALED UP.* GOT MY VO CE BACK A FEW DAYS AGO.
SO WHERE ARE WE HEADED?
THE *MEATHEAD IN CHARGE* IS GO.NG TO GIVE ME INSTRJCTIONS AS WE GO.
I'D SUGGEST YOU TREAT MEDICAL PROFESS ONALS WITH A LITTLE MORE *RESPECT,* JUDGE DREDD.
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I *RESPECT YOU* IN PERSON. JUST TELL ME WHERE TO STEER THIS THING.

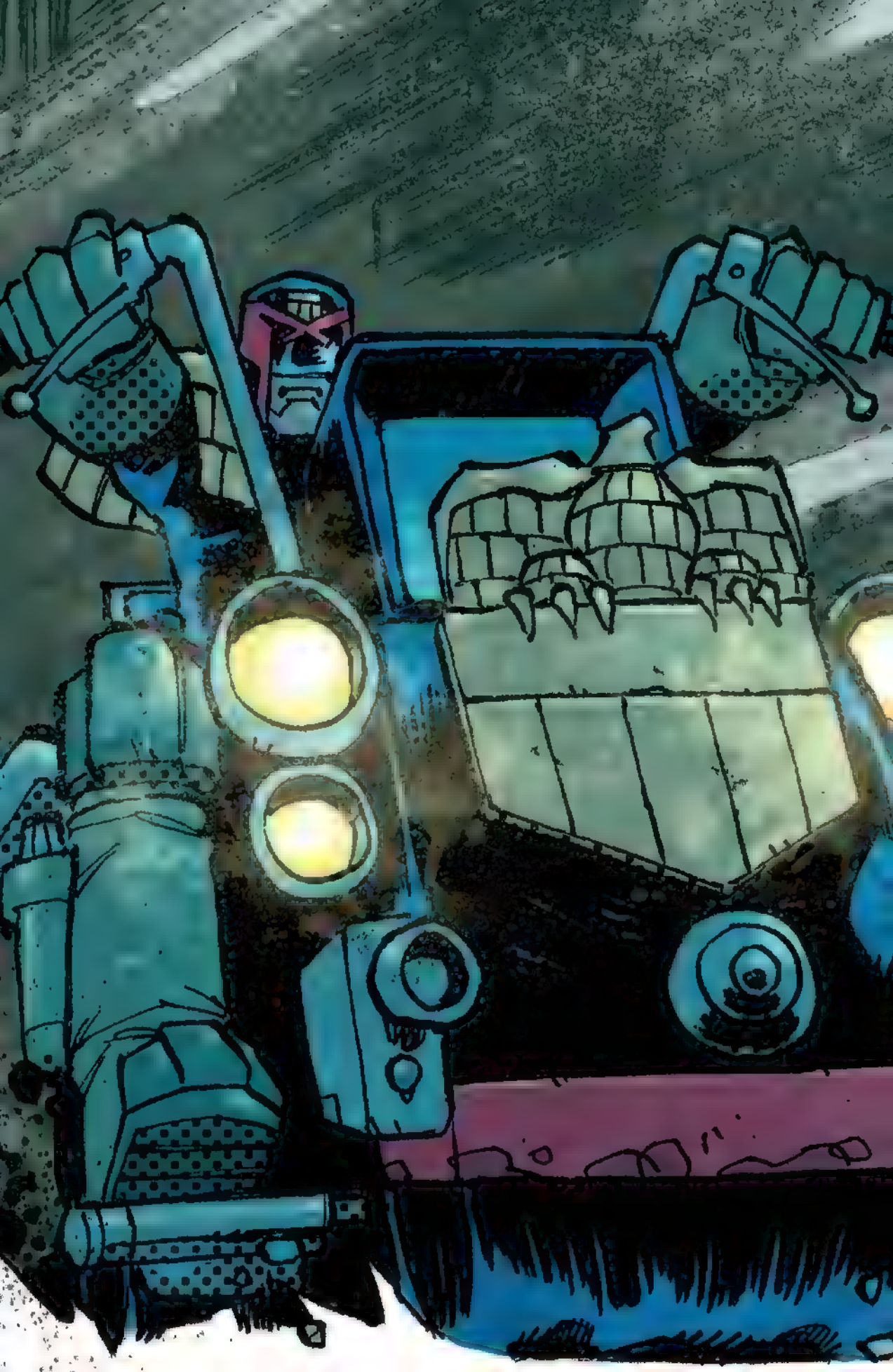
PROCEED DOWN MCBAIN BOULEVARD.
GO EAST ON WESTLAKE, THEN TURN—
STOMM!
BOOM
WHAT THE DROKK WAS THAT? WHY ARE THEY SHOOTING AT US?
YOU'D BETTER KEEP MY MONEY SAFE, DREDD!
CONTROL THAT FIRE, TARJAY.
AND THEN HANG ON.
IT'S ABOUT TO GET BUMPY.


WORD HAD SPREAD LIGHTNING-QUICK THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD.
THE SCORE OF A LIFETIME, FLOATING THROUGH THE A.R.
JUST WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO SCOOP IT UP.
YOU THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU, CREEPS?
AAAIIIEEEE
GAH
MAMA!

SOUTH ON NJSSBAUM, THEN WEST ON WILCOXSON, PLEASE.
DREDD! WE'VE GOT A FIRE ON TOP, TOO!
WE DON'T HAVE A FIRE.
"WE'VE GOT COMPANY."
THEY BREACH THE ROOF, WE START BLAST NG. NOTHING GETS INSIDE THIS SH P.
DREDD.. CAN YOU HEAR ME?
A L TTLE BUSY AT THE MOMENT, JUDGE ANDERSON.
YOU'RE GO NG TO BE EVEN BUSIER IN A FEW MOMENTS.
THE KIDNAPPERS ARE PLANNING AN AMBUSH HALFWAY THROUGH THE THROUGH THEY'RE ROUTE THEY'RE FEEDING YOU.

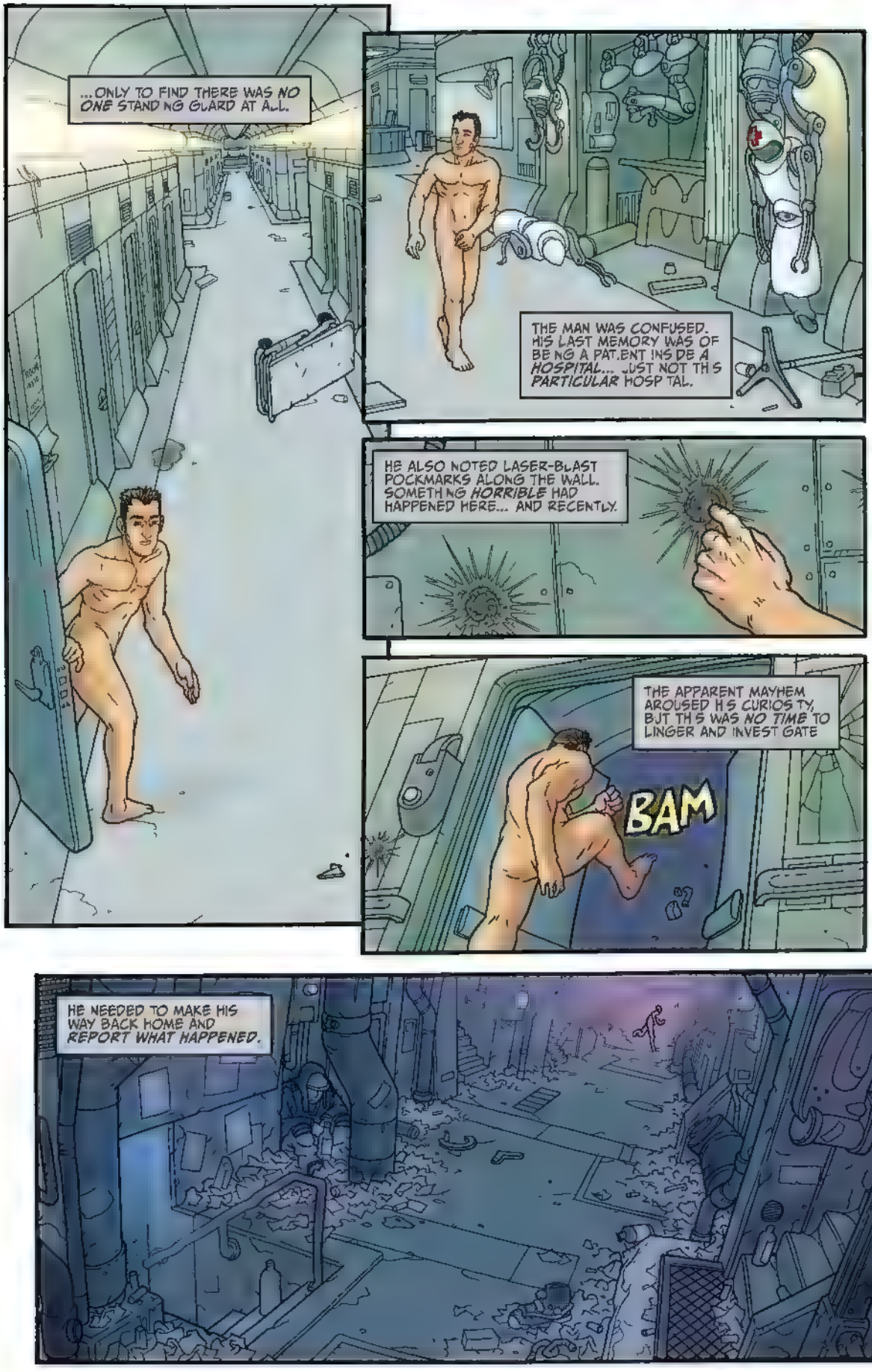
JUDGE ANDERSON, PSI D VISION, COULDN'T LEAVE DREDD OUT THERE TOTALLY DEFENSELESS.
I WAS ABLE TO PICK UP ON THE HEAD KIDNAPPER'S THOUGHTS... UGH, WHAT A DISGUSTING MIND.
ANYWAY, I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW.
THANKS.
I'LL DEAL WITH THAT AMBUSH...
". JUST AS SOON I F NISH W TH THIS ONE."
20
DROKK ME.

THOK
THOK
BLUUZZ
THOK
OKAY, ANDERSON. GIVE ME A LOCATION OF THIS OTHER AMBUSH.
WORKING ON IT..
...OH NO.
THEY'RE GOING TO AMBUSH YOU INSIDE YOUR OWN SHIP!
To be concluded



ART BY **NELSON DANIEL**

"NAKED CITY"
SCRIPT BY:
MARK SWIERCZYNSKI
ART BY:
LANGDON FOSS
COLOR BY:
ROBBA PATTISON
SOMEWHERE IN MEGA-CITY ONE, A NAKED MAN IS RUNNING DOWN A FILTHY ALLEY.
HE FEELS LIKE THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.
THAT'S BECAUSE, TEN MINUTES AGO, THE NAKED MAN FINALLY BROKE OUT OF A ROOM WHERE HE'D BEEN HELD FOR THREE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER.
TUM
TUM
TUM
TUM
TUM
TUM
TUM
JM
KRUNK
ROOM 19370
THE MAN STEELED HIMSELF TO FIGHT THROUGH WHOEVER OR WHATEVER WAS STANDING BETWEEN HIMSELF AND HIS FREEDOM...


...ONLY TO FIND THERE WAS NO ONE STANDING GUARD AT ALL.
THE MAN WAS CONFUSED. HIS LAST MEMORY WAS OF BEING A PATIENT INSIDE A HOSPITAL... JUST NOT THIS PARTICULAR HOSPITAL.
HE ALSO NOTED LASER-BLAST POCKMARKS ALONG THE WALL. SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAD HAPPENED HERE... AND RECENTLY.
THE APPARENT MAYHEM AROUSED HIS CURIOSITY, BUT THIS WAS NO TIME TO LINGER AND INVESTIGATE
BAM
HE NEEDED TO MAKE HIS WAY BACK HOME AND REPORT WHAT HAPPENED.

THE VERY ACT OF THEFT MAKES HIS FLESH CRAWL.
AS DOES THE IDEA OF WEARING A JUNKIE'S PANTS.
BUT MOMENTS LATER, HE'S THANKFUL FOR THE MODEST PROTECTION THEY OFFER.
LOOKIT THIS ONE. A JOGGER. A HEALTH-NUT.
HIS LUNGS ARE PROLLY CHOICE.
A'IGHT PUNK. HAND 'EM OVER.
HEY! NO FAIR!
PUT DOWN MY FRIEND!
YOU MADE ME KILL MY FRIEND!
Puh
SHLK

AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY OF RUNNING AND FIGHTING, THE MAN WITH THE JUNKIE'S PANTS RETURNS HOME.
HE CAN'T WAIT TO PUT ON HIS OWN CLOTHING.
AND EXACT SOME JUSTICE.
DEATH.
TIMES A THOUSAND, IF HE HAS ANY SAY IN THE MATTER.
WHOEVER DARED TO NAB AND TORTURE A JUDGE IS LOOKING AT THE HARDEST SENTENCE THERE IS.
* WHEN HE GETS BACKSTORY, THIS JUDGE APPEARED LIKE #1, AND WAS SUCH IN THE THREAT.

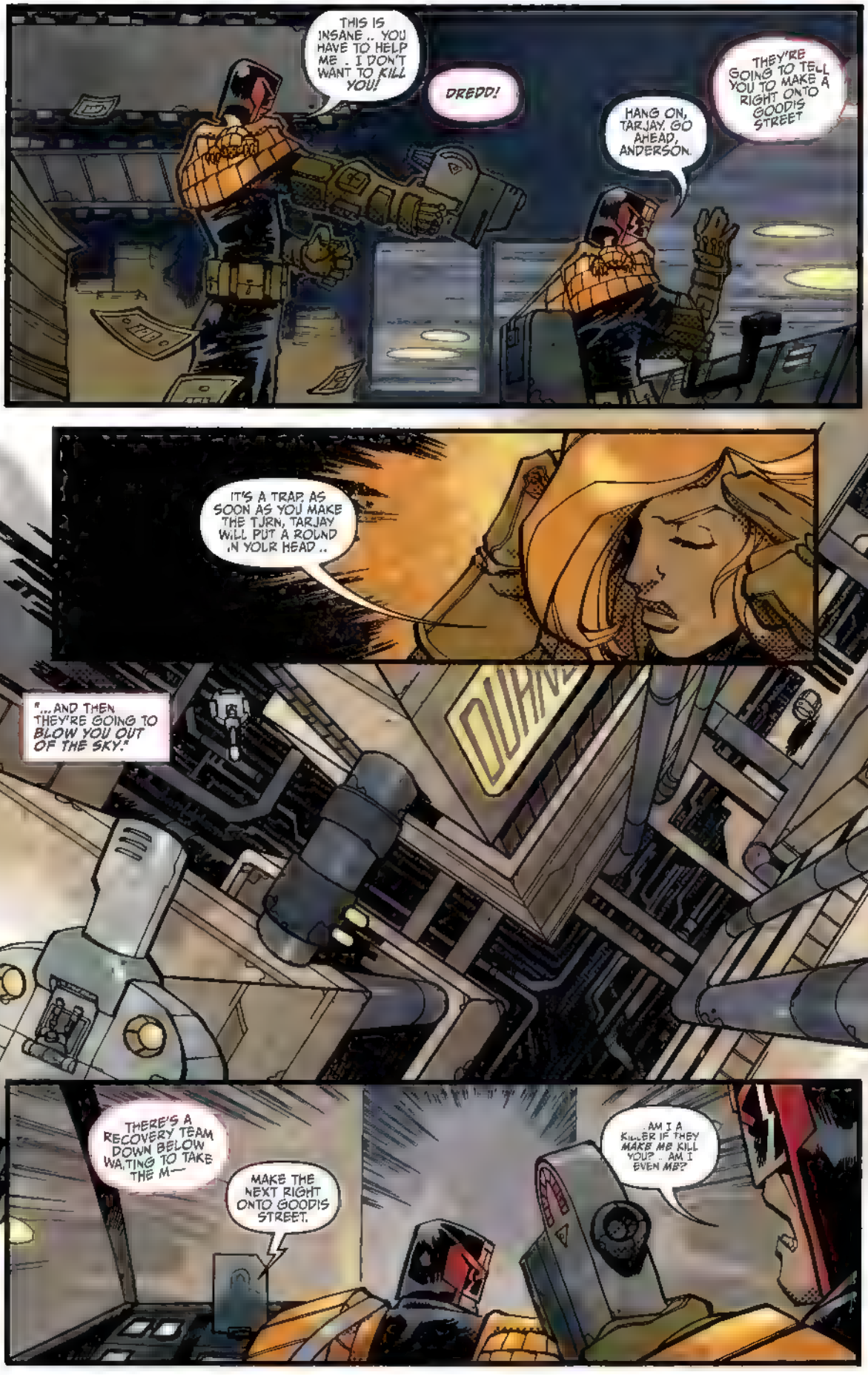
JUDGE TARJAY WAS NEVER SO HAPPY TO REPORT FOR DUTY AT THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
HE'LL LEAD TEK DIVS ON BACK TO THAT ABANDONED HOSPITAL..
...AND THEN HE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF A PERP SHEET ON A NEARBY VDSCREEN. JUDGES ARE HARD-WIRED TO LOOK, STUDY AND ABSORB THEM IN A MATTER OF SECONDS.
BUT THIS TIME, A FAMILIAR FACE STARES BACK AT HIM.
WANTED
JUDGE MARTIN
TARJAY
• CORRUPTION
• ATTEMPTED M
OF A JUDGE
HIJACKING
LLEGAL CLONI
AND NOW JUDGE TARJAY HAS SOME IDEA OF WHY SOMEONE WOULD WANT TO LOCK HIM AWAY IN A ROOM SOMEWHERE.

THE DEC SION .S MADE IN A SPLIT SECOND.
UNTIL HE CAN F GURE OUT HOW TO CLEAR HIS NAME...
...HE HAS TO SURRENDER H'S NAME, ALONG WITH EVERY SING.E POSSESSION.
DISPOS-A-TUBE
HE HAS TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE UNDERBELLY, WITHOUT SUPPORT, W THOUT FR ENDS, WITHOUT THE LAW BY HIS S.DE.
SOMEWHERE IN MEGA-CITY ONE, A NAKED MAN IS RUNNING DOWN A FILTHY ALLEY.
HIS LUCK, COMPLETELY GONE.

ART BY **ZACH HOWARD** ★ COLORS BY **NELSON DANIEL**

HIGH ABOVE MEGA-CITY ONE.
JUDGE DREDD IS PILOTING A HOVERCRAFT JAMMED W.TH BI.. ONS OF CREDS N RANSOM MONEY.
HIS OWN PARTNER, JUDGE TARJAY, HAS TURNED ON H M, WH.CH COMES AS A SHOCK TO TARJAY H MSELF..
I.. I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M DOING TH S!
BECAUSE YOU'RE A CLONE, UNDER THE SURGEON'S CONTROL.
WHAT? THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE! T'S ME, DREDD, I SWEAR!
THEN DROP YOUR LAWGIVER.
..
...GRUD! I CAN'T!
We've Got
Script Droid SWIERCZYNSKI
Art Droid NELSON DANIEL
Editorial Droid CHRIS RYALL

THEY PROBABLY GOT TO YOU FIRST.
"TOOK A SKIN SAMPLE N THE HOSPITAL WH LE YOL WERE ST.LL RECOVERING FROM YOJR THROAT WOUND
"CLONED YOL
"MESSED AROUND WITH YOUR BRAIN
"SWITCHED YOU, SO THAT YOU'D BE IN PLACE TO MAKE SURE NOTHING WOJLD INTERFERE W TH THE R RANSOM DROP"


THIS IS INSANE .. YOU HAVE TO HELP ME . I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU!
DREDD!
HANG ON, TARJAY. GO AHEAD, ANDERSON.
THEY'RE GOING TO TELL YOU TO MAKE A RIGHT ONTO GOODIS STREET
IT'S A TRAP. AS SOON AS YOU MAKE THE TURN, TARJAY WILL PUT A ROUND IN YOUR HEAD ..
"...AND THEN THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW YOU OUT OF THE SKY."
THERE'S A RECOVERY TEAM DOWN BELOW WAITING TO TAKE THE M—
MAKE THE NEXT RIGHT ONTO GOODIS STREET.
..AM I A KILLER IF THEY MAKE ME KILL YOU? .. AM I EVEN ME?

DROKK THIS.
WHIP
DREDD, WHAT ARE YOU—
THROOOM

BLAM
GAHHHHH!
THRUM
CRONK
ZZZZZOK-ZOK
KUH-BOOM!

DREDD, I'M SORRY! I CAN'T CONTROL MY OWN MOVEMENTS OR THOUGHTS! I'M OVERWHELMED BY THE PRIMAL URGE TO RIP YOUR DROKKING HEAD OFF!
GAK.
DREDD, I THINK I'VE PINPOINTED THE SURGEONS' HIDEOUT...
...THEY'RE MASKING THEIR BRAINWAVES— PROBABLY USING MEDICAL DEVICES THAT OBSCURE THEM.
SO INSTEAD, I TRACED THEM THROUGH MR. GATES-KROCH— WHO SHARES IDENTICAL BRAINWAVE PATTERNS WITH HIS CLONE! ONCE I'D FIXED ON THAT, I WAS ABLE TO—
—DREDD, ARE YOU THERE? DON'T YOU WANT THE LOCATION?
I DON'T CARE WHERE IT IS, ANDERSON.
JUST TAKE REMOTE CONTROL OF THIS THING AND BRING ME THERE.

CARPATHIAN BLOOD RECYCLING CENTER, 189TH FLOOR, HARKER BLOCK.
THE HOVERCRAFT'S STEERING IS SHOT... I BARELY HAVE CONTROL OF THIS TH NG..
...HANG ON TO SOMETHING!
I AM.
KRESHHH

HNJH.
..MJST BE.. HALLJCINATING...
...LAMBKINS...
SORRY FOR THE ROUGH LANDING.
I'VE BEEN IN WORSE. TIME TO WRAP TH S TH NG UP..
..YOU CREEPS ARE UNDER ARREST..
THANKS FOR BRING NG OJR MONEY DIRECTLY, JDGE DREDD. THAT'S QU.TE SOME SERV CE.

THE HOVERCRAFT'S LOCKS ARE CODED TO MY DNA. TRY TO OPEN IT YOURSELF, AND IT'LL TAKE OUT *THIS* ENTIRE FLOOR.
CLANK
NOBODY TOUCHES THIS CRAFT, OR *THE MONEY*, WITHOUT MY HAND.
THAT'S *NOT* GO NG TO BE A PROBLEM, JUDGE.

BLAM
AAaIIIEeEE!
SHWK
UGH.
THAT'S IT. HOLD STILL. IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN A MOMENT.
DOCTOR, WOULD YOU GIVE THE JUDGE SOME ANESTHESIA?
THIS PATIENT LOOKS BJR.Y. I'LL DOUBLE THE DOSE, JJST TO BE SAFE.
ARRRGHHHH.
DON'T MOVE! IT'LL ONLY HURT MORE!
FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT FFT
THIS IS NOT ALLOWWWWW WWWWWW.

BRRR
BRRR
OOF.
ENOUGH OF THIS—
DROKK!
WE SHOULD ATTACK THE PROBLEM AT THE JUDGE'S CORE... HIS GUTS!
I RESPECTFULLY DISAGREE, DOCTOR.
DREDD, HANG ON...
WE'RE RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOORS.
THE JUDGE'S CORE IS HIS INTELLECT, SO WE MUST PENETRATE THE BRAIN!

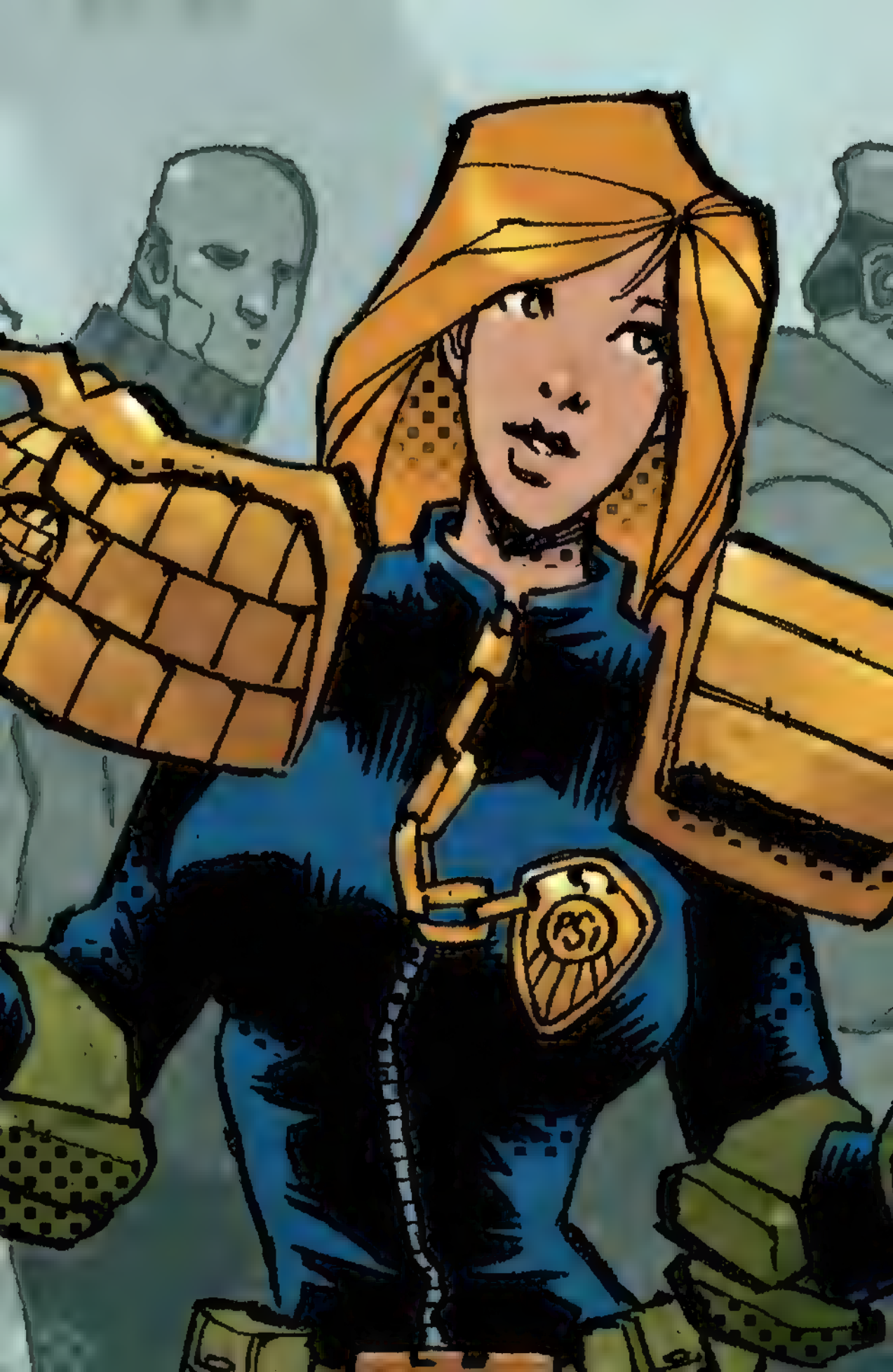
...DOCTORS, WE FIND YOU GUILTY OF GROSS MALPRACTICE.
PREPARE TO BE JUDGED!
THANKS, ANDERSON.
WELL, I COULDN'T LET YOU HAVE ALL OF THE FUN DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE REST OF THE CLONES ARE BEING KEPT?
THE HUMAN PINCUSHION DOWN THERE IS THE RINGLEADER. HE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL US EVERYTHING WHEN HE WAKES UP.
NO NEED. IT'S MURKY... BUT IT'S PRETTY CLEAR THE CLONES ARE IN A CONTAINMENT FACILITY A FEW FLOORS BELOW US
HEY, YOU'D BETTER HAVE THAT ARM LOOKED AT PRETTY SURE I CAN SEE BONE THERE..
IN A MINUTE.

KRNCH!
CITIZENS! YOU'RE FREE. PLEASE MAKE YOJR WAY TWO FLOORS JP FOR PROCESS NG
WOOF WOOF!
JUDGE TARJAY!
TARJAY, ARE YOL IN HERE?
DREDD KNEW THAT THIS KDNAPPING PLOT WOLLD START A NEW SOCIAL CRISIS IN THE CITY.
ARE YOU LEGALLY OBLIGATED TO TAKE CARE OF ILLEGALLY CREATED CLONES OF YOUR LOVED ONES?

OF COURSE, DREDD HAD A CLONE PROBLEM OF HIS OWN TO DEAL WITH.
HSSSSSSS
TARJAY...?
TARJAY! WHERE ARE YOU?
NO ONE COULD HAVE OPENED THIS CRAFT EXCEPT ME...

WE FOUND H M.
WHERE?
ALL OVER THE PLACE.
APPARENTLY, JUDGE TAR..AY WAS... JM, PULLED APART AT THE MOLECULAR LEVEL? HOW IS THIS POSS.BLE?
A MINJTE, DREDD?
I PU..LED SOMETH NG DISTURBING OUT OF THE R NGLEADER'S HEAD. APPARENTLY, ALL OF THE CLONES WERE BUILT WITH A FAIL-SAFE.
WHICH WAS?
AT ANY MOMENT, THEY CAN BE REMOTE..Y TRIGGERED TO DISSOLVE.

"SO DO WE TELL THIS TO THE FAMILIES? THE ONES WHO ARE SUDDENLY GOING TO HAVE EXTRA MOUTHS TO FEED?"
NO. TELLING THEM WOULD BE SANCTIONING MURDER. WE NEED TO KEEP THIS TO OURSELVES...
VICHO
"... AND WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY STASHED THE REAL JUDGE TARJAY."
NEXT: LIGHTS OUT



ART BY GARRY BROWN

MY NAME IS NICK TARJAY.
I WAS A JUDGE.
I'M NOW WANTED FOR THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A FELLOW JUDGE.
APPARENTLY, I WAS FRAMED.
HOW DO I KNOW THIS?
BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS ON MY HANDS.
WANTED FOR ATTMPD MURDER OF A JUDGE
YOU ARE A JUDGE WHO WAS FRAMED
TO AND

WHEN I READ THE WORDS LASER-ETCHED ON MY FLESH, IT ALL STARTS TO COME BACK. NOT *EVERYTHING*, I SUSPECT... BUT THE IMPORTANT PARTS.
FOR INSTANCE: I'M BLANKING MY OWN MIND TO STAY *FREE*.
WHEN I WAS WITH THE DEPARTMENT, I HEARD ABOUT THESE *MEMORY-WIPING DRUGS* MAKING THE ROUNDS—ALLEGEDLY, THE ONLY WAY TO AVOID A PSI-D.VISION *MENTAL DRAGNET*.
AGAINST THE LAW, BUT BETTER THAN THE ALTERNATIVE.
NAMELY, A *COLLEAGUE* BLOWING MY HEAD OFF BEFORE I HAVE THE CHANCE TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE.
GULP
THE MEMORY PILLS KEEP ME HIDDEN FROM LAW FOR MUCH OF THE DAY, LEAVING ME A *SMALL WINDOW* TO INVESTIGATE BETWEEN DOSES.
THE PILLS MAKE MY BRAIN *FUZZY*. FACTS TUMBLING AROUND MY SKULL, OUT OF SEQUENCE... NOT SURE WHAT'S REAL OR NOT.
BUT I GOTTA KEEP MOVING SO I CAN FIND OUT WHO—
JUDGE TARJAY! COME OUT AND SHOW YOURSELF!

DROKK! I KNEW TH S DAY WOULD COME.
THE DAY I DREADED.
DREAD.
DREDD.
HEH.
OKAY. . I'M DEFINITELY LOS NG IT.
DREDD'S THE JUDGE I ALLEGEDLY TRIED TO KILL.
NEEDLESS TO SAY, HE'S PROBABLY TAK NG TH S PERSONALLY.
HE'S NOT GOING TO STOP UNT L I'M JUDGED AND EXECUTED!
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
CONTROL—I FOUND JUDGE TARJAY. I THOUGHT THOSE WARNING SHOTS WOULD HAVE STOPPED HIM...
.. GOTTA DO TH S THE HARD WAY.

STOP R@HT THERE, DREDD! YOU HAVE TO LET ME EXPLAIN!
EEEEEE!
THERE'S NOTHING TO EXPLA.N.
NOW DROP THE GUN BEFORE YOU DO SOMETHING STUPID.
STUPID WOULD BE DROPPING MY GUN. A DEATH SENTENCE. YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THAT.
IF CORNERED PRESS BUTTON ON WATCH
PLEEEEASE DON'T KILL ME!

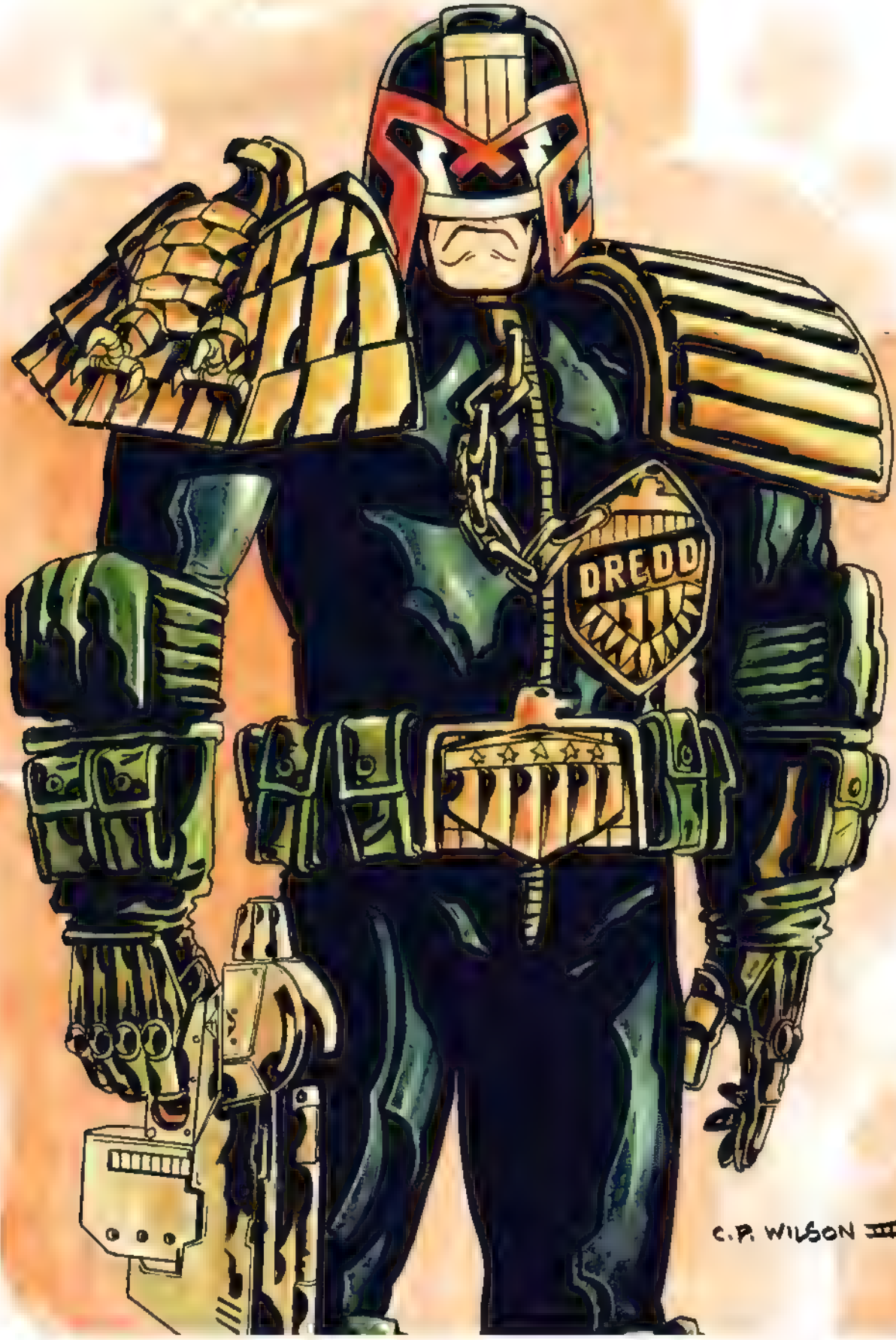
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, TARJAY?
YOU'RE AN INNOCENT M—
HNUH
UGH

WHAT THE—
—WHO AM I? WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
OH.
THAT'S RIGHT
I'M AN ATTEMPTED JUDGE-KILLER.
WANTED FOR ATTEMPD MURDER OF A JUDGE
WELL. LET'S SEE IF I CAN'T GO PRO.
"FUGITIVE DAZE"
SCRIPT BRAIN: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI
ART BRAIN: INAKI MIRANDA
COLOR BRAIN: EVA DE LA CRUZ

JUDGE DREDD

ART BY NICK PERCIVAL

ART BY **NICK RUNGE**



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